Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Marjorie Manners

Eldest Daughter of Lord and Lady Granby

No. 7.—Vol. I.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Wednesday, January 20, 1904

It is a singular feature of our times that the present generation is utterly lethargic on political matters. In the face of the furore which Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Proposals have created, this may seem rather an absurd conclusion, and, doubtless, it will be hotly denied. Nevertheless, there is more than a grain of truth in the statement. Indeed, the very interest which the Protectionist scheme has called into being actually helps to prove the assertion, for, were the nation to have closely followed politics, Free Trade *versus* Protection, instead of having been buried fifty years ago and then disinterred, would never have left the region of possible politics and would have been studied. Then many persons in both parties would have known better when they talked rank nonsense than seems the case just now.

Which brings us back to the subject we started out with. One politician will hold forth from his point of view, and his opponent from the other. Neither bothers to regard the salient features in his adversary's attack; each is too fully occupied in finding the weak points in the other's armour to think of strengthening his own. And, after all, it is not necessary. Nobody reads both sides of a question, or at least such—what shall we call it?— is too rare a fatuous quality to be taken into account. So the Protectionist belabours the Free Trader until he feels he has made him writhe; the Free Trader retorts *con amore*; the baker is brought into the conflict and the *Daily News* demonstrates, by a very small loaf against a gigantic mass of bread, the difference between a *régime* of Free Trade and one of Protection; while, on the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain demonstrates that the question of size under Fiscal Reform is purely one of manipulation of figures, for his Protectionist loaf is almost exactly as big and as good as the Free Trade loaf.

The music-hall is brought into it. Mrs. Brown Potter, the fair American, exhorts us, with deep passion and a background showing Mr. Chamberlain's features, to follow him for reasons which she states. Other persons, at various times, follow suit on the other side, and all elicit applause from the fickle public; for the truth is, we all applaud an honest attempt to amuse us, but few can claim to have more than a superficial acquaintance with the subject. And we are proud of our ignorance in political matters, unless, it would seem, we be a fair alien. Politics have long been recognised as an unfit subject for discussion. They are bad form. We are ashamed if we have to confess that we do not know who won the Derby last year, whether Oxford or Cambridge will win the boatrace, or what county P. F. Warner plays for when he is at home. But we admit loudly, and with justifiable pride, that we know nothing of politics. They do not interest us.

Consequently, but a very small percentage of Mr. Chamberlain's followers are acquainted with the arguments for Free Trade, and Free Traders, prejudiced by antipathy for the resurrected policy, which perhaps threatens to dash the cup of power from their lips just as their time had come, are unable to weigh, with any degree of moderation, the arguments against Cobdenism. False statements are given birth, which, were both sides to be well-informed, no one would ever have the courage to produce. In all matters concerning policy the same lethargy is apparent. How many of our readers could tell us what constitute the exact differences between Russia and Japan? For every one who could do so we would guarantee to find two who could give us the exact military and naval preparations made by both nations, together with their munitions, resources, and prospects of success. How many people could sit down and write off a readable account of the position of affairs in South Africa at present? Here are but two tests.

This lethargy in public affairs is a sad indication of our now predominant characteristic in other matters. The duty of every citizen is to the State, and how can a man serve the State intelligently without he make himself acquainted with its position and policy? To blindly leave the solution of political matters in the hands of any one leader, no matter how trusted, is a mistake, as no one is infallible; but it is not only the tendency in politics, but in everyth ng else, owing to the growing fashion of "specialising." We know nothing about the policy, right or wrong, but we follow the man. Were the young man and the young woman of to-day to become more accustomed to think for themselves, it would not only result in a mental improvement to them, but to the nation at large, and we should not be under the necessity of reminding them of that well-known dictum, *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. There is a great danger to the State by the present process of surrendering one's will to one leader or the other without mature reflection; and if by calling attention to this evil, which is on the increase, we can, even to a small extent, cause people to think over this matter, we shall feel that our existence is not useless.

People of Interest

The Bridal of the Week

It may be doubted if any great marriage has ever been more discussed and written about than that of Lord and Lady Warwick's only daughter and Lord Helmsley. There is something in the personality of the youthful bride's mother which arrests attention and provokes speculation, and this, perhaps, is why the eyes of society—using the word in its widest, and in its narrowest, sense—are turned towards the famous Warwickshire stronghold, where the nuptuals of the moment are celebrated. Lady Marjorie Helmsley—as she will, it is said, be called, instead of adhering to the more old-fashioned rule of dropping her own courtesy in favour of that of her husband—has inherited many of Lady Warwick's most striking characteristics. Like her mother, the young bride is interested in everybody and everything, a keen horsewoman, an enthusiastic motorist, a clever gardener, and a dabbler in literature.

Lord Helmsley and his bride will spend at least the beginning of their honeymoon at the splendid dower house of the Talbot family, from which Lord Shrewsbury's eldest son and heir takes his title. The burning of Ingestre was one of the tragedies of the eighties, but the wonderful old mansion has been remarkably well reconstituted, and offers, with its old-world stateliness and up-to-date luxuries, an appearance full of striking contrasts.

Hon. Mrs. Ellis

The Hon. Mrs. Ellis, a well-known figure in Society, is the wife of the Hon. Evelyn Henry Ellis, who was formerly in the Royal Navy. She has associations moreover, with the other branch of the Service, being the eldest daughter of the late General Sir Arthur Edward Hardinge, K.C.B. The Hon. Mrs. Ellis is sister-in-law to Lord Howard de Walden. She is also related to the Duchess de Sermoneta, whose beautiful villa, the Palazzo Guadagni, is so well known to English visitors in Florence. In our illustration, which makes a pretty picture, she is shown with her son Arthur, aged ten.

Photo by *May*

The House Party at Chatsworth

The group includes the King and Queen, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, Earl and Countess Howe, Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Earl Percy, Lord Elcho, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Miss Muriel Wilson, Mr. Leo Trevor, Mr. William James, and Mr. Frank Mildmay, M.P. Our illustration is from a photograph taken after the luncheon at the shoot on Friday

Photo by *Lafayette, Dublin*

The Hon. Mrs. Ellis and Her Son

Lady Kathleen Pilkington

Lady Kathleen Pilkington is one of the best known sportswomen in Society. She has many interests; and pursues them with that enthusiasm which the true Irishwoman invariably attains. She goes in for most forms of sport; and does well in them all, but chief amongst these many pursuits is her keen interest for toy bulldogs. This is a breed comparatively new in the land, but Lady Kathleen Pilkington was one of the first discoverers of its charms; and she promptly founded the Toy Bulldog Club, of which she is one of the leading lights, in fact, one might almost say, the beacon fires! She owns the crack kennel of toy bulldogs, including the two famous champions, Peter Amos and Ninon de l'Enclos; and is one of the elected judges of the breed on the

Brigadier General George Elliot, United States Army
Appointed to command the land forces in Panama

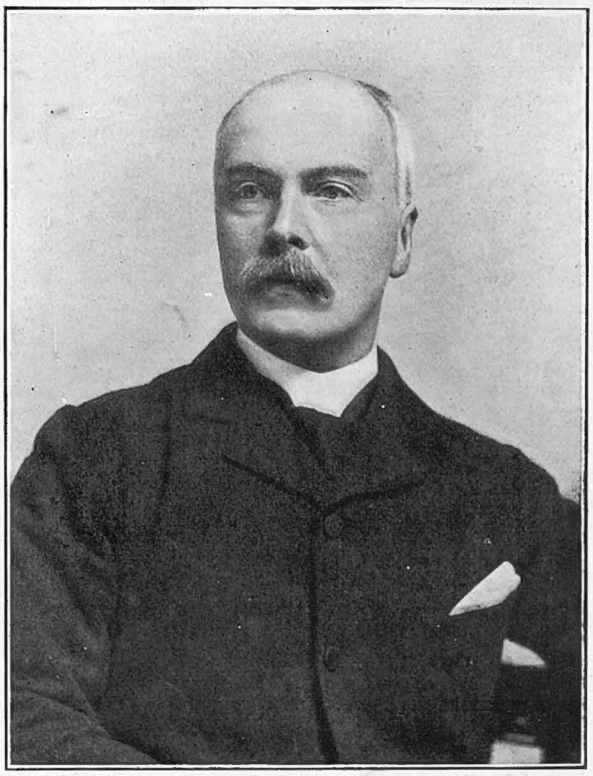
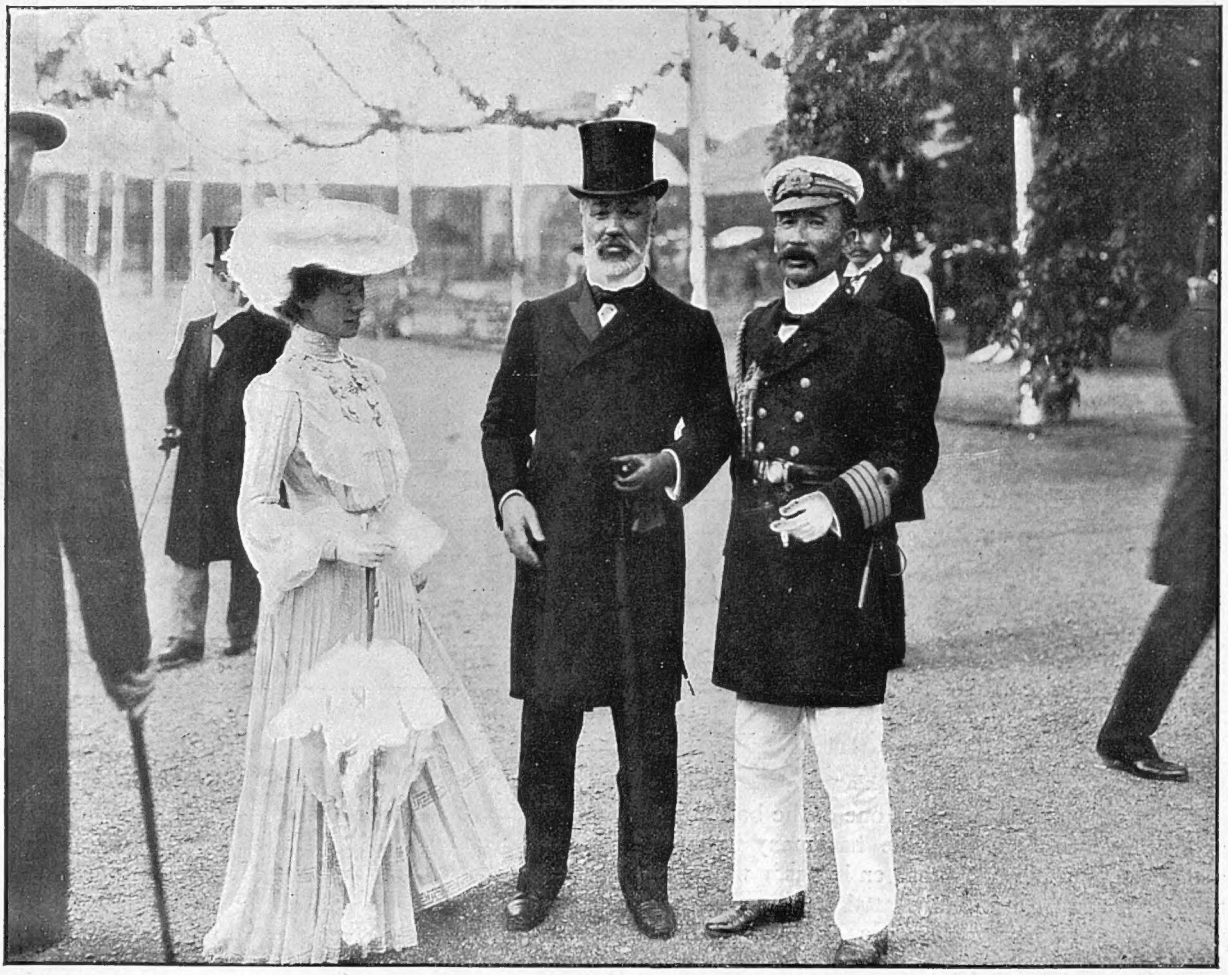


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Colonel Sir G. Sydenham Clarke
Who has been recalled from the Governorship of Victoria to serve on the New War Commission.



The Japanese Minister to England, Viscount Hayashi, with his Wife, who is one of the most Popular Ladies in Diplomatic Circles

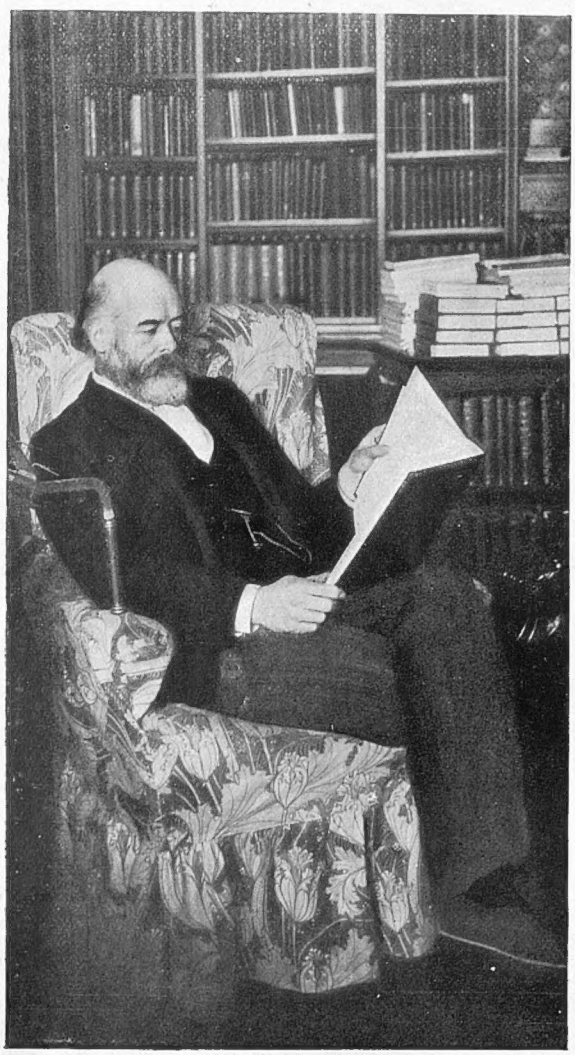
Club list. Lady Kathleen Pilkington is the only child of the fourth Earl of Desart; and is, therefore, one of the Cuffes of Creech St. Michael, bearers of coat armour in the reign of Henry III. The Irish branch, to which Lady Kathleen owes her descent and her Irish beauty, received the Cork estates from Queen Elizabeth. There is an interesting and little known link of the long past between Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Philippe "Egalité," Duc d'Orléans. Pamela, the daughter of "Egalité" d'Orléans and Madame de Genlis, married Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald in 1792, on the outbreak of

Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Her Two Children

the French Revolution. He died in prison, in 1798, having been arrested for high treason. Their daughter, also Pamela, married Sir Guy Campbell, whose daughter was Mrs. Preston, of Moreley, the grandmother of Lady Kathleen Pilkington. Lady Kathleen is the wife of Sir Thomas Pilkington, and the mother of two pretty children.

Uncle Sam's General

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay evidently believe in the old adage about preparing for war if you wish for peace. They have despatched Brigadier-General George Elliot to take command of the United States forces in Panama, that ex-province of the Republic of Colombia which, to the loudly expressed indignation of its parent, recently seceded, and declared itself an independent Republic. The United States immediately "recognised" the new State, thereby bringing the Panama Canal a great step nearer completion; so did the British Government. Meanwhile, the Republic of Colombia finds itself "dished," having no longer any finger in the Panama pie; and it is to guard against an armed invasion of Panama by Colombia that General Elliot has been despatched to that interesting isthmus. General Elliot's past career affords every guarantee that if, unfortunately, there should be hostilities, they will be short and sharp, and the result will be entirely satisfactory to Uncle Sam



Sir Oliver Lodge
The celebrated scientist

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Algernon Ashton
Who has lately given up inditing letters to the Press

Viscount Hayashi

The Russian diplomatist is tolerably astute, but it may be doubted whether the Japanese type is not sometimes more than a match for him. Viscount Tadsu Hayashi, at any rate, who represents the Mikado at the Court of St. James's, is regarded as the ablest diplomatist in his master's service. Next July he will have been at the Legation in Grosvenor-gardens four years, which will be memorable in history as having produced the famous Anglo-Japanese Agreement. His Excellency, however, knew London long before 1900, for he went to school at University College School, in Gower-street, until called back to Nippon to take part in the civil war which broke out in the sixties. He is thoroughly anglicised, and was actually one of the first of his countrymen to be initiated as a Freemason. This ceremony was performed in London quite recently at the Empire Lodge, and is believed to have been the first instance of a foreign ambassador or minister being initiated into an English lodge. Viscountess Hayashi is *petite*, but exquisitely proportioned, and belongs, like her husband, to one of the most ancient and aristocratic Japanese families. She dresses in European style, and is deeply attached to her daughter, Madame Fukuzawa, who is the wife of an influential Japanese journalist, and to her lovely little grandchild.

Mr. Algernon Ashton.

Many a town and country editor will have read with relief that Mr. Algernon Ashton is retiring from the post he has been filling so many years, namely, that of writing to the Press on any and every conceivable point, either to correct or to criticise. Over five hundred of his letters have appeared in various papers, the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* being two papers who never published anything of his. He now intends to devote his time to music to a large extent, but he also means to publish his five hundred or more letters in book form.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge

Mr. Stephen Coleridge, who has lately been such a thorn in the flesh of the vivisectors, is one of the brilliantly clever children of the late Lord Chief Justice, so long known at the Bar as "Silver-tongued Coleridge." He will be fifty in May, and is Clerk of Assize on the South Wales Circuit. His real interests in life, however, apart from his opposition to vivisection, are art and sport, always provided that the latter does not involve cruelty to animals. He is a prominent member of the M.C.C. and the Isthmian. Bradfield and Trinity College, Cambridge, with extensive travel in South America and the East, prepared him to be private secretary to his father, and between whiles he painted so industriously that he was able to exhibit at some of the leading provincial shows, notably those in Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds. Last year, it will be remember, he had a "one-man show" at the Alpine Club Gallery. Mrs. Stephen Coleridge was the daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Charles Manners Lushington, of Norton Court; she is full of keen sympathy with her husband's struggles in the anti-vivisection field, and often helps him in his work.

A Celestial Diplomat

The Chinese Minister in Paris, his Excellency Yu Keng, who is, naturally, like his colleagues all over the world, watching with intense interest the development of affairs in the Far East, is much liked in the French capital, where he has represented the "Son of Heaven" for four years. He and his wife, a charming lady who presides over the social part of the Minister's duties with exquisite grace, have a little boy to whom they are devoted. The child is delighted with a miniature cuirassier's uniform, in which he is sometimes allowed to equip himself. His father was appointed to the Legation, in the Avenue Hoche, on December 30, 1899.

Photo by *Lafayette, Dublin*

Miss A. Park Lyle

One of the most popular girls in Dublin Society

Sir George Sydenham Clarke

Sir George Sydenham Clarke has had a very high compliment paid him in being recalled from the Governorship of Victoria to serve on the new War Commission as the Military member of that body; and it, indeed, speaks well for the opinion that has been formed of him in military circles, that out of the many experts on such matters, he should have been the one selected.

Sir Oliver Lodge

The little burlesque of Mr. Chamberlain's famous by-play with the two loaves, in which Sir Oliver Lodge indulged the other day while lecturing on radium at the Birmingham University—of which he had been Principal since 1900—was enjoyed by Mr. Chamberlain, who was in the chair, as much as anyone. It was a charmingly frivolous proceeding in a man so eminent as Sir Oliver, whose fame as a physicist is much more than European. He was knighted last year. For nineteen years he was Professor of Physics at University College, Liverpool. He has been a Rumford Medallist of the Royal Society, and Romanes Lecturer at Oxford. He knows all about lightning-conductors, he was a leading pioneer of wireless telegraphy, he holds strong views about the foolishness of modern public-school education, and he plays golf on the Sutton Coldfield course and elsewhere.

House Party at Chatsworth

The weather made a desperate attempt to interfere with the enjoyment of the house party at Chatsworth this year. Friday proved to be the one bright spot in the general climatic depression. There were several hours of sunshine, and the day generally was one of those which winter occasionally filches from autumn. The guns went out early to shoot the Birchills coverts. A large gathering of the populace lined the main thoroughfare to Bakewell, in order to catch a glimpse of the Royal party.

The Chinese Minister in Paris: His Excellency Suen Pao-Kai and his Children

The minister's little son, who is immensely proud of his cuirassier's uniform, is a veritable prodigy of learning, and is reputed to be able to read 2,500 Chinese characters

The Topictator

A CERTAIN WELSH M.P.
"AH—HOW ARE YOU?—I KNOW YOUR FACE SO WELL —HAVE A CIGAR—WAIT—ARE YOU ONE OF MY CONSTITUENTS?—NO?—MY DEAR FELLOW! HAVE TWO CIGARS!

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

CAN HE HOLD THEM? (JAN 13, 1904)

"'OW MANY MORE TIMES 'LL I 'AVE TO TELL YER AS I LIKES MY CHAMPAGNE HICED!

(A PAUPER COMPLAINED TO THE TONBRIDGE GUARDIANS THAT HIS HOT MEAT WAS SERVED ON A COLD PLATE)

F.G.

"WHAT'S THE GAME?"
"GUV'NOR—I'LL TELL YER—I'M LOOKIN' FOR SOME O' THIS 'ERE BURIED TREASURE

FROM ABROAD.

Sport in Switzerland

"The best sporting fortnight for many years," one hears on every side. Glassy ice, crisp snow, and plenty of them both, are delighting the crowds of sportsmen in the Swiss winter resorts. It is difficult to say which one of the sports is most popular. At Davos, for instance, skaters and curlers seem to be most *en évidence*; tobogganing and bandy — or hockey on the ice — claim the most devotees. At Grindelwald, ski-ing is in the first rank, and luge-ing at Caux and Les Avants.

Hotel-keepers are Happy

At the numerous resorts on the northern shores of Lake Geneva the hotel-keepers are rejoicing. "A very good season, thank you, sir," is the reply one receives. Among the recent arrivals, there are, Sir William and Lady White, Sir George and Lady Newnes, Sir Archibald Murray and Lady Murray, Lady Peel, Sir Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Albery (Miss Mary Moore), Mr. and Mrs. Bargrave Deane, Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, Colonel and Mrs. Buckland, and others.

Amusements at Various Resorts

A list of this month's social events would fill a page, the outdoor and indoor amusements are so numerous. Great preparations are being made for the international races for bobsleighs and luges over the prepared course from the Col de Son Loup down to Les Avants. The Vevey and Les Avants Ski-ing Club made an original excursion this week, the members climbing up to the La Plaignay Hut, 1,800 mètres in altitude, where they spent the evening with good cheer, returning to Les Avants at midnight, on luges. Automobile spins around the lake, or part of it, seem to be very popular. Bridge and billiard tournaments, and amateur theatricals, help to pass a pleasant evening.

Les Avants

A few days at Les Avants serve to put one *au courant* with the numerous resources of the place in the way of exercise and amusement. The invigorating air renders fatigue almost out of the question, and even the most languid of brain-workers finds himself, afte a morning's hard skating or ski-ing, trudging up the steep toboggan track, trailing a miniature sleigh, known in the vernacular as a "luge," behind him. Occasionally, one is obliged to step aside, to avoid the descending tobogganist who comes flying past, heralding his approach with a warning cry of "Gare ! Gare ! !" To the uninitiated the pace looks distinctly dangerous, particularly on the steeper portions of the track, but one gets used to most things, and, after pausing to watch a couple of little girls with flying hair successfully negotiating the curves, and skimming down the steeper slopes, the novice hurries on, fired

A View of Arosa: A Delightful Winter and Summer Resort in Switzerland for those who wouldtake Life easily

Toboggan Races: A Start

On the Skating Rink
The Grand Hotel is in the background

A Bobsleigh Race
Tremendous rivalry exists between the members of the different bobsleigh teams

The Mill Hill Slide: A Fall

Al Fresco Lunches are all the rage,

only Rivalled by the Outdoor Tea

WINTER AMUSEMENTS AT LES AVANTS

with the desire of doing likewise. A short cut up the slope to the summit of the mountain, known as the Col Son Loup, enables him to avoid a bobsleigh, manned by four stalwart undergraduates, who come tearing along the track at such a breakneck pace that they slip down the mountain side almost as swiftly as the crows, who, startled at their approach, wheel swiftly across the blue, to take refuge in a belt of firs that crowns the summit of the opposite hill. The air is so clear and still that one can distinctly hear their croaking comments on the audacity of human beings who thus disturb their mountain solitude.

Learning to Toboggan

The enthusiastic tobogganist is quite oblivious of such things. His one idea at first is to steer round the awkward corners without a spill, and, when he becomes more or less expert, to enter for the toboggan races which are run from the top of the Col Son Loup. The start is invariably witnessed

Hunting on the Roman Campagna: Meet on the Via Appia

by an enthusiastic crowd, who climb the mountain for the purpose, and are rewarded for their exertions by an excellent luncheon, served in the open air by the accommodating proprietor of the Grand Hotel, at Les Avants. As a change from the attractions of the toboggan slide, skaters can enjoy a game of hockey on the ice, or, if lazily inclined, a novel in a sun box, where, sheltered from all points of the compass except the south, one basks in the warm sun, and thinks, with a shudder, of the cold and damp of dear, dirty London. It would be an insult to the genius of the Swiss hotel proprietor to suppose that the possibilities of enjoyment decline with the sun. As a matter of fact, there is no lack of indoor amusement, and, when one's *Times* is at least a day old, it is easy to forget the importance of the fiscal question in the enjoyment of a game of bridge, or billiards, or, better still, a waltz to the strains of an excellent band.

The Rome Hunt: Light Refreshments at the Meet before Settling down to the Business in Hand

The Rome Hunt: The Duchess of Aosta in the Field

Mountain Climbing on Skis

The ski, as an indispensable aid to mountain climbing, is being used in this country to a greater extent every year; and, as mountaineering—according to experts—is less dangerous on skis, the near future is likely to witness a revolution in the sport and the Swiss Alps climbed as often in the heart of winter as in summer-time. Some remarkable ascents have been accomplished recently on skis. Mr. Wood, an English Alpinist, climbed the difficult Wetterhorn from Grindelwald but came to grief on the Shreckhorn. He is, however, progressing favourably, and is soon likely to be well again. Herr Hasler, of Berne, accompanied by the guides Chris'in and Jossi, of Murten, made a successful ascent of the Gespaltenhorn. The weather was perfect, and the hardy Alpinists enjoyed a marvellous view over the Bernese Alps. A member of the Italian Alpine club and two guides reached the summit of the Monte Rosa from the Italian side.

Arosa

This charming little Grisons village is one of the highest summer and winter resorts in Switzerland, and, therefore, in Europe. The ascent from Coire, by diligence, takes six hours and a quarter, the extra-post, perhaps, half an hour less; but the drive is not for a moment tedious, leading through the grassy Schaufig-Thal as far as Langwies, then turning south into the wilder Arosa-Thal, and beating up, as it were, against the voluble little Plessur, the bed of which is shown in our illustration. Arosa, which is being more and more frequented by English people, has this advantage, at least, over Davos, for consumptive patients, that it is less fashionable and less gay, and the sufferers are not called upon, nor tempted, to make those strenuous exertions in search of pleasure which do so much harm in the better known resorts of the Engadine. For summer visitors with sound lungs and hearts the neighbourhood abounds in delightful mountain excursions; and Davos Platz itself can be reached comfortably in four and a half hours by the Furkahöhe, which lies two thousand feet above Arosa's six thousand. In the winter, there is plenty of skating and tobogganing for those able to take part in these pastimes; the snow lies for many months, and the very diligence is shifted from its wheels to a sledge half-way between Langwies and Arosa.

The Rome Fox-hounds

If trade follows the flag, then it may be truly said that fox-hounds follow the Englishman. Nowhere is fox-hunting carried on more successfully, under somewhat exotic conditions, than on the Roman Campagna. The hounds, of course, are English bred, and so is the huntsman; but the M.F.H. is a gallant Italian marquis, whose wife is as keen about hunting as he is himself. The first meet of the season took place last month at Cento Selle; but, though three foxes were unearthed, all managed to make their escape. Favourite meets are the Fontane, and the picturesque and famous spot where is the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The Rome Hunt has become quite famous on the Continent, and those British sportsmen who, for some reason or other, are forced to winter abroad, might do worse than spend the hunting season in the Eternal City.

The Duchess of Aosta, who is one of the Most Noted Followers of the Rome Hunt

Emigrants on a Boston-bound Cunarder Coming on Deck to be Vaccinated

A Royal Horsewoman

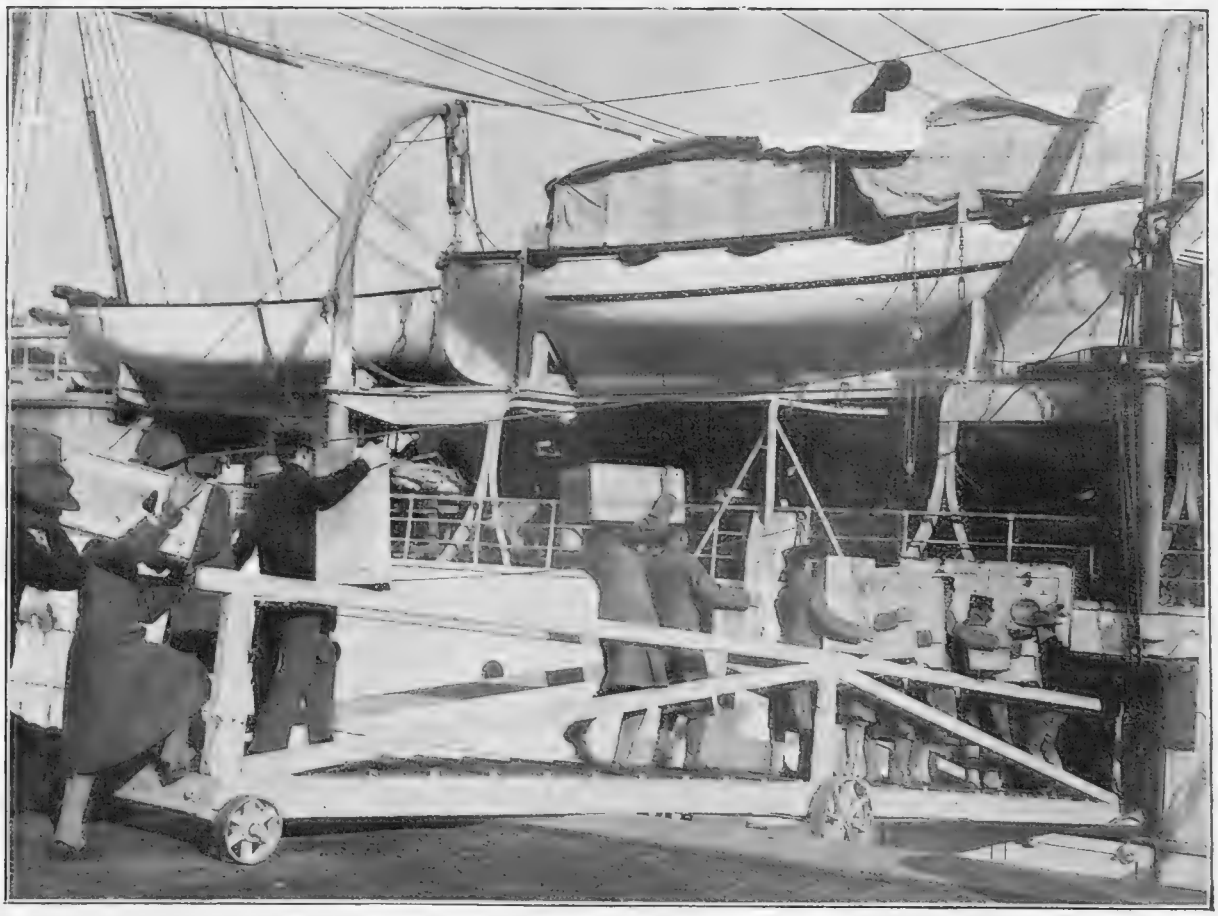
Many Italian ladies follow the example of that most fearless and skilful of horsewomen, the Duchess of Aosta. Her Royal Highness, who may yet see herself a queen (for her husband is heir to the Italian throne unless a Prince of Naples intervenes), learnt foxhunting in England during her girlhood. Next year another Royal sportswoman is likely to take the field in Italy, in the person of Princess Louise of Orleans, who is just engaged to the Count of Turin, the Duke of Aosta's brother. The Duchess of Aosta always wears an English habit, and uses British saddles. She is very popular with the English colony in Rome.

"To the Land of the Free."

Owing to the stringent regulations which are now in force in America regarding immigrants, only the fittest subjects from Europe are allowed to land. The Immigration Commissioners are armed with extensive powers, and they do not fail to exercise them. The result is that scarcely a steamer enters Boston or New York which does not return to Europe with, at least, a few unfortunate human beings, who are either too poor or too ill to be allowed to land. Such passengers have to be brought back at the expense of the steamship companies. Two or three days before port is reached the immigrants are vaccinated, unless they can show satisfactory marks to the surgeon. In fine weather the men are vaccinated on deck, and the photograph shows them swarming up from the steerage of a Cunarder, Boston-bound, for the operation. The women and children are dealt with in their own quarters. The group of women was taken while vaccination on deck was in progress.

Female Emigrants bound for America

Stores being Carried to the U.S. Cruiser "Dixie," which has Sailed for Panama



Marines Making themselves Useful Preparatory to Sailing

WILL THERE BE WAR IN PANAMA?

"At the Sign of the Times"

The Decline of the Interview (Old Style)

I have noticed, not without regret, that the old order of the Interview is changing. Those domestic peeps into the lives of great men, those personal glimpses into the daily round of their existence which permitted us to realise their methods of work their appearance at the age of four, their diet, (often humble), the north-west corners of their drawing-rooms, their favourite canaries, the cut of their smoking-jackets, and the hairwash in which they placed their confidence are becoming rarer and more fitful. I suppose the world, with its usual fickleness, is tiring of these details. We no longer ask to be assured that the author, or the actor-manager, or the traveller, is a human being as well as a public character; we take it for granted. We have seen our heroes valeted so often that we are beginning to lose our respect for them. This is a pity.

Which Revealed the Domestic Side and Private Views

Why I particularly regret it is for the reason that a friend of mine has been engaged for some years past on a little "Handbook to Interviews," which will now hardly have a chance of being published. The writer is an intelligent man—a little behind the times, no doubt—but courteous, kindly, and full of harmless enthusiasms. I have often thought he might have been a Cabinet Minister, if he had tried. His object in writing this Handbook was to save as much trouble as possible for both the Interviewer and the Interviewed, and there can be little doubt—but for the Change—he would almost have succeeded in this charitable plan. Perhaps there is still time; and it is in that hope that I venture to set down a few extracts, which give an idea of the book. It is compiled on the lines of those conversational manuals which travellers take with them to foreign countries—only it has the welcome addition of a few stage directions.

Of Our Authors

Here, for example, is the outline of an interview with a literary man or woman—as I find it jotted in his notes.

Q. Good morning, sir (or madam). I have an appointment with you from the editor of *The Times* (or the *Nineteenth Century* or *Tit-Bits*).

A. (putting one hand to the brow). Ah, I remember! *(Genially)* I can spare you three minutes. *(Pointing)* This is my cat!

Q. What a lovely creature! Who could have given it to you?

A. The Prince of P—— (or the Duchess of W. or the Countess N.). You will find a few other tokens from my admirers scattered about the room. I never allow them to be dusted. . . . No, I prefer a phonograph to a typewriter, I confess.

Q. About your forthcoming novel. Could you give our readers any idea as to the number of words you composed in a minute; its leading features; its probable success?

A. (with a deprecating smile). I fear you are asking me to blow my own trumpet. I would rather refer you to my publishers. *(Earnestly)* You may safely say that the book will palpitate with human emotion. The character of the hero is as striking as it is original——

Q. May I add that the hero is treated autobiographically?

A. (modestly). Only in parts. The finer parts, perhaps. In the chapters where he shows himself weak, I have relied solely on imagination. Good morning.

Actors

Here, again, is the sketch of an interview with an actor-manager.

Q. (starting back from curious figure in dressing-room). Are you——? I am afraid I have made a mistake. I wished to see Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss)——.

A. (tragically or comically). Behold me, nor be alarmed! *(Throws down fan, or what not.)*

Q. How wonderfully you make yourself up. Can you tell me any stories about yourself?

A. I have often been mistaken for a Jap (or American, or German, or Hottentot). Only the other day I was almost shot by a Russian spy, who was sitting in the stalls. He got admission by pretending to be *The Times's* dramatic critic. Curious thing!

Q. Very. Is it true that you have been commanded to appear at Windsor?

A. Not exactly true; but you may safely say that you have heard it on the best authority. Good night.

And Travellers

And here is the fragment of an interview with a traveller.

Q. Is it a fact, sir, that you have just returned from Thibet (or the North Pole or the Congo)?

A. Yes: This is the piece of soap I carried with me on my travels.

Q. (admiringly). May I photograph it? And will you, meanwhile, give me a *résumé* of your most hairbreadth escapes?

A. Certainly. One night, when I was about to lie down in my sleeping-sack, I found a tiger coiled up inside it. The beast had got in to escape from the heat (or cold). Another day a crocodile (or ant-eater or cobra) got into one of my boots. Two of my men died from the effects of eating a giant sloth: others from the effects of not eating at all. On my next expedition I shall employ cannibals only. Am I in favour of cannibalism? Decidedly. Good afternoon.

Need not Prevent Us

The above, as I have said, are only sketches, fragments, outlines of interviews, as my friend conceives they could most easily be conducted; and, with the decline of the personal interview, I am afraid their utility is questionable. Whether the new style of interview will make up to us for what we are bound to have lost is another matter. The object of the new interviewer appears to be to learn from the great man (or woman), not so much what he does, as what he thinks; to ascertain, not what he eats or drinks, but what his opinion is on some matter of engrossing interest.

From Looking Forward to

I need only give a couple of instances — both recent — in which this object has been undeniably attained. M. Rodin, interviewed a few days ago, declared that Perfection in Art is not attainable; M. Berthelot, that the discovery of Radium has not upset the laws of Nature. How much nobler are these pieces of information, the Innovators will say, than those obtained by the earlier methods of the Interviewer! We do not want, they will continue, to know the name of M. Rodin's pet canary, nor yet what M. Berthelot looked like at the age of four! True. In fact, most decidedly true. But do we need to be told that in Art Perfection is not attainable, or that any discovery whatsoever has not upset the laws of Nature? Are truisms more valuable than trivialities? I doubt it, even if they come from great men's lips. I am not sure, indeed, that truisms differ very greatly from trivialities, unless it be that the demand for them shows a finer strain of inquisitiveness.

The Rise of the Interview (New Style)

However this may be, I have written to my friend to take heart. His handbook can easily be brought up to date. It need only be altered in detail, not in form. This, for example, would do for an interview with Mr. Chamberlain:

Q. Is it your opinion, sir, that Tariff Reform has done away with the laws of Political Economy?

A By no means. It has not even done away with the Unionist League.

An interview with Sir Oliver Lodge might be conducted on these lines:

Q. You have some curious views, have you not, on various subjects?

A. Yes; but they do not interfere with the law of Gravity. I might add, for the benefit of your readers, that two and two make four.

Lastly, an interview with any War-office official might allay the public anxiety by resulting in the following revelation:

Q. How soon may the various Army Reforms be expected to take effect?

A. Perfection in the War-office is not attainable.

MINIMUS.

"The Walking Craze" in South Africa

The ghost of Pedestrianism, which recently fled these shores, has made a visitation in South Africa. Our illustration shows four dusky, numbered sportsmen footing it from Johannesburg to Pretoria. The pathos of their situation lies in the fact that, apparently, there are no cheering spectators foregathered on the veldt to speed them on their way. The absence of this encouragement may account for the dejected appearance of the competitors. The fourth man seems in a somewhat sorry plight

CONCERNING JAN KUBELIK

Among all the eminent foreign "K's" known to the British public, who include among them such notabilities as Prince Kropotkin, Professor Koch, Mr. Imré Kiralfy, and the Maharajah of Kholapur, none is so widely famous—with the exception of Mr. Kruger—as Jan Kubelik, who was born in 1880, at Michle, not far from Prague, the son of a market gardener, and has, in the course of the past five years, captivated all Europe with the magic of his violin. The world of music, as all know, fell at his feet. Not less well known is the immense sensation caused by his remarkable personality. The cynics maintain that no man ever really objected to having hundreds of people fall in love with him in the course of an afternoon. But, at least, his extraordinary experience in this respect has never made any apparent change in the quiet modesty with which the young artist has always taken his immense success as a musician; and Kubelik, of course, is now a married man.

The lady whose engagement to the young violinist was among the leading subjects of polite conversation a year ago, and who was married to him last August, is the daughter of Count Wolfgang Szell Berseneyi, ex-President of the Senate at Debreczin, who had the patriotism to name his daughter Magyar. She was married at eighteen years of age to Count Koloman Czaky, a lieutenant in a Hungarian regiment of hussars. It was not an enduring partnership, for a divorce by mutual consent brought it to an end after six months of wedded life, money matters being the ground on which the easy law of their country allowed them to part company. Not long afterwards—about four years ago—Kubelik first met the Countess at a concert in Debreczin, and his fate was immediately sealed. During the following three years his professional engagements, combined with a reported dislike on his own part to yielding to sudden impulse, prevented him from declaring his feelings in person; but an acquaintance had been formed, and the two wrote to one another. At length, in February of last year, Kubelik met the lady in Vienna, just before one of his public appearances, and made her an offer of marriage. Her acceptance of him was immediately published abroad, and at the concert which shortly followed, the lady, who, naturally, was among the audience, was as much an object of interest as the young musician himself, who is about a year senior to her.

They were quietly married by Bishop Wolafka, at Debreczin, amid the telegraphic congratulations of all Austro-Hungarian society, and of hundreds of admirers from all the world over. Kubelik, by the way, who is Bohemian by birth, assumed Hungarian citizenship and the name of Polgar, by which, of course, nobody will ever dream of calling him.

The much-discussed Sevcik, of Prague, was the master under whom Kubelik developed his extraordinary talents. The same tuition has launched upon the musical world the famous Miss Marie Hall, Miss Dorothy Bridson, who made her appearance with so much success at the St. James's Hall last November, and Kocian. People have been heard to hint unpleasant things about Sevcik as a teacher. They intimate that pupils of his have a way of being distinguished rather by their virtuosity than by their profundity of *technique*, and appear to have been instructed to the effect that an impressive trick, brilliantly performed, is better than a perfect mastery of one's art.

Nobody, however, would maintain that there was anything seriously wrong with Kubelik as a musician, however one might fancy oneself able to detect now and then an element of the meretricious in his playing. Kubelik, it has to be remembered, is developing. He has reached infinite heights. He may be expected to descend to equally profound depths in the course of the many years of artistic growth that undoubtedly lie before him. Really, twenty-three is not very old for an artist already at the summit of fame.

It is hard to think how the world's capacity of paying honour to genius is to keep pace with Kubelik's future development, if it continues to be one half as sensational as it has been since 1898; for the world has already thrust much greatness upon him. On the day of his wedding, he wore a number of orders. Of these may be mentioned the Commandership of the Order of Gregory from the Pope; the First Class of the Benemeriti from the King of Roumania; the Commandership of the Servian Order of Sava; and that of the Order of St. Anne, which the Czar personally conferred on him about a year ago. He is violinist to the Court of Roumania, a post which certainly does not monopolise his time, and the stipend attached to which he probably would not miss; for his art has brought him fortune as well as fame. And he is an honorary member of the Philharmonic Societies of London and of Prague.

As to Kubelik's command of his art, all the world proclaims it. The thing which the critics pitch upon to laud most highly is his tone, the "golden" quality of which, they say, is unsurpassable; then extraordinary ease, yet complete accuracy, is notable in his playing, an exquisite sense of proportion and feeling for the most delicate effects, with a singularly refined gaiety. It has been pointed out that he too seldom plays the best music—on his first appearance last season, for example, he elected to give Saint-Saëns's Rondo Capriccioso, not a very fine or interesting piece.

His last recital in London before his marriage was marked by the fact that he then appeared for the first time—as usual, with wonderful success—as the leader in a quartette. Since his wedding, he has played in Great Britain and Russia, and is now upon an Austrian tour. When Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland have had their turns in the earlier months of the year, London will see him again, all being well, in June and July, when he will receive a more enthusiastic welcome to our shores than ever.

Jan Kubelik

Two Rose Books

I have been asked by a correspondent to name "the best book about roses." It is somewhat difficult to reply to this request, but if I may be allowed to name two books, one to supplement the other, I recommend, without hesitation, "Roses for English Gardens," by Gertrude Jekyll and Edward Mawley (Georges Newnes, Limited), and "The Book of the Rose," by the Rev. A. Foster-Melliar (Macmillan and Co.). They may be said roughly to represent the two sides of the controversy to which I referred a week or two back. But I imagine that the majority of my readers will want to grow their roses, not for exhibition, but to make their gardens beautiful, and to have plenty of blooms to cut, and Miss Jekyll's book, representing, as it does, the most perfect taste and knowledge which have been brought to the consideration of the subject of garden decoration, and illustrated profusely, as it is, with examples of what can be done in this way, is invaluable. The latter part of the book deals with the cultivation of roses, and is written by Mr. Edward Mawley, whose name alone would entitle it to the utmost respect. Perhaps, after all, if one were limited to one work alone, this would have to be recommended, for it ably represents both aspects of the rose grower's necessities.

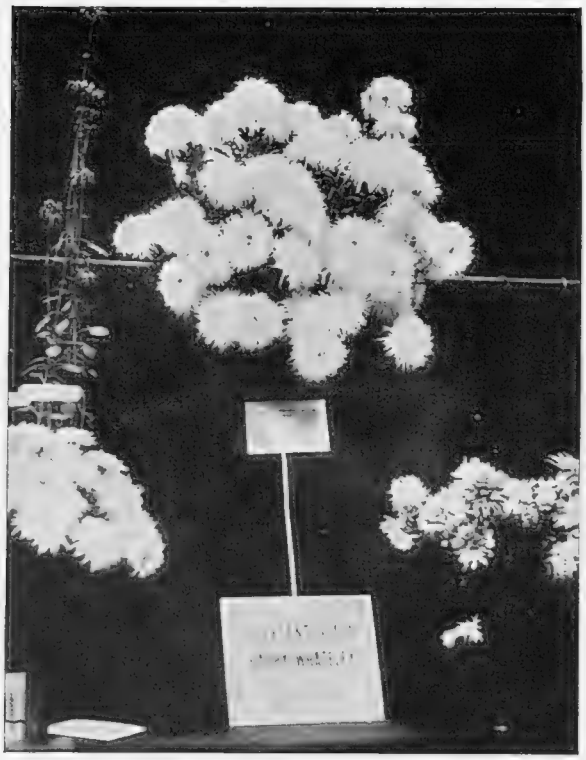
Lady Marjorie Greville—now Lady Helmsley—in the Gardens at Warwick Castle

An Enthusiast

But I should be very sorry to be without Mr. Foster-Melliar's "Book of the Rose." Although it pays little heed to that side of rose-growing with which "Roses for English Gardens" mostly concerns itself, and, indeed, puts aside as unworthy the aims which that book, and, I suspect, most of my readers, would judge to be of the highest importance; yet the author is such an enthusiast in the pursuit of his hobby, and writes with such ample knowledge, as well as love of it, that it would be impossible to peruse his pages without catching something of his enthusiasm. His chapter on "Stocks," in the course of which he describes the rose-grower going out into the highways and hedges, and bearing home with him the spoils of his labours—grubbed-up briars, which he sees with the eye of faith giving life to exquisite blooms such as they have never known before—this chapter alone would be worth buying the book for. But there is much besides, written at considerable length, but with unfailing power to interest; chapters on soils,

Lady Warwick's Favourite Corner of the Garden

A Pretty Corner of the Rose Gardens at Warwick Castle



Some Splendid Chrysanthemums

Exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show

on planting and pruning, on manures, on propagation; and a valuable chapter of nearly a hundred pages, in which the "Manners and Customs" of all the best known roses are separately described with great fulness. My copy of Mr. Foster-Melliar's work is the original one of 1894, and this list now, of course, wants supplementing. I do not know whether a later edition of this invaluable book has been issued, brought up to date, but with the rapid rise of new favourites in the rose world, it wants continually revising.

Manuring and Mulching Roses

Mention of Mr. Foster-Melliar's book may serve to introduce a subject upon which there is some variety of opinion amongst rose growers, and on which he writes with his customary fulness, giving ample, and, I think, convincing, reasons for his own practice. Perhaps the majority of professional gardeners, if left to themselves, are in the habit of applying to their rose beds, in the late autumn, a dressing of stable or farmyard manure, which is intended to serve as a protection during the winter, and, dug into the soil in the spring, ends its career as a fertiliser. Now Mr. Foster-Melliar points out that it is impossible to dig in anything into a rose bed without injuring the plants, which are surface rooting, and that roses, which "can drink but cannot eat" may have all the nourishment which could be washed out of this customary dressing given to them in a liquid form, without any root disturbance, and at the times when they want it most. It must be remembered that, to use Mr. Foster-Melliar's own words, "a manure and a mulch are two different things, and should not be confounded; the former is for feeding and fertilising objects, and the latter for protection against frost, heat, or drought." "Why, then," it may be asked, "are we told by all authorities to dig in solid manure at the bottom of newly made rose beds, if liquid manure will answer all purposes of feeding, especially as it remains at a depth where the best rooted roses cannot reach it?" (It is agreed, on all hands, that solid manure must not be placed in actual contact with the roots of newly planted roses). The answer is given in a very interesting passage which is too long to quote in its entirety, but the conclusion of the matter is this:—

> Water, or rather moisture, does rise through the soil by capillary attraction, as it will up through a sponge or piece of flannel. Just so moisture is always more or less rising up through the earth, though of course a quantity, in time of rain, or immediately after, sinks down through it. It rises most of all when the sun shines hot and the surface is dry, and then the Rose, which likes heat and a friable, air-permeated surface above and a "cool bottom" below, rejoices in the rich moisture which the roots appropriate as it rises through the manure from below.

Protection

If protection is needed against severe frost, it must be remembered that it is not the roots which are the delicate part of the plant. Tea roses may be earthed up, so as to cover the point where the rose has been budded on to the briar, or the buds may be covered either with bracken or dead leaves to a considerable depth. In the spring, when the covering has been removed, cultivation of the soil with the Dutch hoe must be begun at once, and kept up; for a loose surface soil to allow light and air to do their work, and to check evaporation from below, is half the battle of the rose.

A Display of Carnations

Exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A History of Modern England." By Herbert Paul. Vols. I. and II. of the New History, which is to be completed in five volumes. (Macmillan).

"From Kabul to Kumassi; or, Twenty-four Years of Soldiering and Sport." By Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks. Illustrated by Lady Helen Graham. (Murray: 21*s.* net.)

"The Worship of the Dead; The Origin, Nature, and History of Pagan Idolatry." By Colonel J. Garnier, late Royal Engineers. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Heart of Japan." By C. L. Brownell. New Edition. (Methuen).

NEW FICTION

"Through Sorrow's Gates." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Kitty Costello." By the late Mrs. Alexander. Her last work. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Sly Boots." By John Strange Winter. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Remembrance." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Abandoned." By W. Clark Russell. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Land of Littleness and Laughter

"Three Rolling Stones in Japan." By Gilbert Watson. (Arnold. London: 1903.)

It is difficult to get away from Japan just now; she is at present the centre of political interest; plays are appearing based on Japanese mythology and history; Japanese articles of art and *vertu* have long been rising in popular estimation—and price; consequently it is not surprising that books on Japan should be appearing in greater numbers than heretofore. But of all books on this subject it would be difficult to find one which is more pleasantly written, or is more entertaining, generally, than that by Mr. Watson; it is not a scientific treatise on Japanese manners and customs, and has no aspirations to be considered improving, but it is a delightful picture of the highways and byways of Japan, as they were some years ago, and as, in a very short time, they will be no longer.

Description of all kinds is an art, and of all subjects scenery is, perhaps, the hardest to treat without heaviness; but it is in this particular that Mr. Watson is most successful. He is able to conjure up pictures of Japanese scenery as he saw it with all the crispness and vividness of a Japanese *kakemono*. There are two reasons for this success: firstly, a touch of animism, quite Greek in character, which tinges all his descriptions; secondly, an intense sympathy in his treatment of his subject, whereby the reader's attention is drawn from the showman and concentrated on the picture, so that he forgets for the moment that he is seeing with the eyes of another.

Aba proved to be the quaintest little village imaginable. Such poverty, such decrepit infirmities of houses, such picturesque misery it would be hard to equal anywhere. Most of these dwellings were on wooden stakes, which just saved them from a watery grave. They looked as if they had waded out into the lake long ages ago, when they were young, and now that they were old they felt too infirm to wade back again. The whole place had the mildew of centuries upon it. Green ooze and lake-slime coated the wooden logs and draped the sun-baked walls with delicate green . . . . they alone were crumbling into ruin, looking from out their bleared window-eyes upon the lovely world, and perhaps thinking that the day was not far off when wall and rafter would totter downwards, and the water would receive them all into its quiet depths.

After making a few excursions in the neighbourhood of Kobé and Hiogo, the author proceeded by ricksha to Tokio, and it is the account of this journey which forms the *pièce de résistance* of the book. With him went two companions, for whose friendship he was indebted to previous travels in other quarters of the globe, and whose characters are well sketched in the course of the book. At Kobé their head retainer had been one Tomi, a ricksha man, a delightfully comic character whose most precious possession was a "character" given him by an Englishman whom he had previously served. The nature of this "character," of which he was so blissfully ignorant, reminds one of the famous letter of dismissal written by Horace Greeley to an *employé*, and which the latter for many years showed as a testimonial, although, in this latter case, the reader was invariably deceived, owing to the indecipherable nature of the handwriting. An account of the visit of the three friends to Tomi's house, where that worthy entertained them at tea, is most amusing. The amiable consort of their host was a person of noble proportions, as one of her daughters remarked when her mother was unable to rise and welcome the guests in the accustomed manner, "Too muchee flesh; no can do." This daughter, with whom the reader will assuredly fall in love before he closes the book, accompanied them on their journey as guide, and her quaint little personality is one of the most pleasing in the story.

Western influences were making rapid progress, even in those days; at Ozaka they found at the inn "what you Engleehs call big feed—a tuck-in banquet"—in preparation, "given in honour of a gentleman who had 'done somethings' by fourteen of his admirers who had, as yet, 'done nothings.'" This banquet was in true European style, and the scene at dessert, to which the author was invited, reads not unlike certain pages of "Verdant Green." The landlord, Jiutei, quite a "Dickensy" character, was as up-to-date as his establishment, and displayed an ingenuity in devising "extras" worthy of a Western boarding-house keeper. In fact, it was the proprietors of the inns who were the most advanced in Western manners. At the village of Sakurazawa, the landlord greeted them with "Yes, yes, I know the English; I wear the trousers; shall we shake the hand?" which last performance he proceeded to repeat at inconveniently frequent intervals.

Among other scenes of interest, visits were paid to Kioto during a religious festival, and to the rapids of Katsura-gawa. At the former, the author engaged a native guide, whose enjoyment of the various side-shows at the fair was most entertaining. But, to his intense indignation, the travellers could not be prevailed upon to remain for more than ten minutes inside one of the theatres where a "comedy," which was to last about six months, was in progress. It is said that we take our pleasures sadly, but the author of the saying had certainly never witnessed a Japanese play or the effect it has upon the audience.

But enough has been said to indicate the nature of the book; it is so full of good things that it is almost impossible to know where to stop when speaking of it. Laughter, tears, and pleasant reflections and imaginings are all to be found therein; and if the author's memory has been a little supplemented by his imagination, certainly none of his readers will quarrel with him after perusing the result.

T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

It is an old grievance with our humorists that to win a reputation as a professional "funny man," is far from being an unmixed blessing. They are never given credit for serious thoughts; if they attempt a tragedy it is only regarded as pathetic humour; and there are many people, when they hear that Mark Twain is finishing a book on "Christian Science," who will only wonder how the author of "The Innocents Abroad" can find enough material to write a whole book of humour about such a subject. The truth is, that Mark Twain is very much in earnest in the present case, but he will find it hard to live down his reputation.

This reminds us of that other pet scheme of Mr. Clemens, which, in some respects, will be unparalleled in the history of literature. It is scarcely a "book to expect shortly," because it is Mark Twain's bequest to posterity, and will not be published until a hundred years after his death. Some people have misjudged the author even in this respect, regarding his announcement on the subject some years ago as only another of his inimitable jokes. Mark Twain, however, is a man of his word, and we are told that elaborate arrangements have been made for the preservation of this manuscript, and for its publication when the time comes.

As most of our readers are probably aware, the work itself is a sort of portrait gallery of the author's contemporaries,—monarchs and politicians, bootblacks and shoemakers—all drawn with absolute truthfulness. "The sole passport to a place in my gallery," says Mark Twain, "is that the man or woman shall have keenly excited my interest. In a hundred years they will all be interesting, if well and faithfully described. A man cannot tell the whole truth about himself. You cannot lay bare your private soul and look at it. You are too much ashamed of yourself. It is too disgusting. For that reason I confine myself to drawing the portraits of others."

Affairs in the Far East have hurried along all kinds of books in any way relating to that part of the world, and there is quite a little library of them still to come. The most important, of course, is Captain Brinkley's monumental work on Japan and China, which Messrs. Jack are now publishing in twelve elaborately illustrated volumes, to be completed next Autumn. This is the outcome of thirty years' study and research, and what Captain Brinkley—who, as *Times* correspondent at Tokio, was in close touch with all the national movements—does not know about Japan and the Japanese is scarcely worth knowing.

Two other books about Japan are announced by Mr. Murray; the first to appear being a volume of "Impressions," by G. H. Rittner, the chief feature of which is a remarkable series of photographs taken by the author. The other work, to come later, is a study of "The Painters of Japan," by Mr. Arthur Morrison. It is not generally known that the author of "Tales of Mean Streets" is also one of our best authorities on Japanese art. His own collection of Japanese paintings and prints, with which his coming volume will be illustrated, is considered by some experts to be the finest collection of its kind in Europe.

A new novel by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, entitled "Thyra Varrick," is about to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Like most of Mrs. Barr's books, it has an historical setting: "the 'Forty-Five" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The stirring events of that romantic period are mingled with the love affairs of Thyra Varrick, an Orkney girl, who has to choose between the gallant young Jacobite, Hector Macdonald, and the Orkney dominie, Robert Thorson.

This month should see the completion of what is likely to prove the definitive edition of Byron's works, in thirteen volumes. Only those who have studied each volume as it has appeared—both of letters and poetry—can appreciate the quality of the work done by the two editors, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, or the quantity of hitherto unpublished matter which has been included. It has very largely been a labour of love on the part of the publisher, Mr. Murray, to arrange this tribute to the memory of the poet whose fortunes were so closely linked with those of the famous Albemarle-street house in the days of John Murray II.

Book Reviews

"Adventures of Gerard." By A. Conan Doyle. (Newnes. 6*s.*)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seems to have perceived the amiable readiness of the British public to believe anything it is told, and he begins his book with a preface in which he assures it that the Napoleonic age was rich in some of the most human and picturesque military material he has ever read, and suggests that it will find that he has given a true historical and military atmosphere to his imaginary figure. If he did give this excellent present to his Colonel Gerard, either that roystering soldier at once concealed it firmly but effectively somewhere about his person, or the atmosphere of the Napoleonic wars was purely melodramatic and farcical. When we consider the Peninsular campaigns, the invasion of Russia, and Waterloo — and Gerard tells stories about all of these—we are sure that their atmosphere was nothing of the kind. Yet this Gerard is, by turns, a creature of melodrama and farce, the stock Frenchman of generations of inferior story-tellers and dramatists, and never anything else. In stories III. and V., in which he kills a fox — Oh, humour! — and plays cricket, and boxes, he is merely farcical; in the rest, he moves between farce and melodrama with uncommon agility. The fact is, it is for the artist to talk about atmosphere; and while we are willing to reckon our Sir Arthur a painstaking craftsman of a creditable invention, with a little help from Poe and the French, we will wait till he shows a trifle of imagination before we set about considering him as an artist.

This Little Japanese Girl Acted as Guide to "The Three Rolling Stones" during their Wanderings in Japan

"Slipper's A B C of Fox-Hunting." By E. Œ. Somerville M.F.H. (Longmans, Green and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

We do not often get a good laugh out of a book; and when we do we are indeed grateful. We are grateful to Miss Somerville; for we got many a good laugh out of her new book. We began early at

C is for Check.
If ye go any faster,
Ye'll be apt to be dhrawn into chat
With the Master.

with its admirable picture of the master chatting at the top of his voice, explaining, evidently, to the short-stirruped town brigade the advantage to be derived by not overriding his hounds. We laughed more or less joyously all the way through, and especially at the pictures illustrating,

N was a Nanny-goat up on the hill.
Faith! Some o' thim puppies is hunting her still!

P was the Price of a nate little hin
That the foxes ate over and over agin.

Here's the Wrecker, and earth-stopper, bowled Willie Roche;
Sure, they say a fried egg's the one thing he can't poach.

The book teems with that old-world rollicking Irish humour of which nowadays Englishmen are the chief exponents. The sumptuous—sumptuous is the proper word—coloured prints are full of that humour, and of character, life, and movement. Possibly the illustration to

D was the Dhrain that the fox got inside in,
Bad luck to the cowardly shkamer for hidin'!

with the country-side arriving at full speed with pick axes, forks, and hoes, is fullest of the atmosphere peculiar to the West Carbery country. But it is hard to choose.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Irish Stories

One often hears the opinion expressed in bookish circles that "Irish stories don't sell"; and there does seem to be some ground for thinking so, though the reason behind is difficult to get at. However, there are Irish stories that do sell—Mr. Frankfort Moore has written several—and it is quite surprising to see how that lively book, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." continues to enjoy popularity when ninety-nine out of every hundred novels written at the same time as that have sunk into oblivion. It is the joint work of two vivacious Irish ladies, Miss Edith Œ. Somerville, and "Martin Ross"—the latter being the *nom de plume* of a sister of Mr. Robert Martin, the author of "Bits of Blarney," in which he reprints his famous songs, "Ballyhooley," "Killaloe," and the rest. Miss Somerville and her collaborateur have produced quite a number of highly successful Irish books, "A Patrick's Day Hunt" being the latest of the series. Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have just published a new book by Miss Somerville entitled "Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting," in which the redoubtable Slipper fully sustains his reputation as a wag. Hunting is Miss Somerville's particular pastime, and she is one of the only two lady "M.F.H.'s"—which is an Irishism—in the United Kingdom, as she has hunted the West Carbery country this winter since her brother, Mr. Aylmer Somerville, resigned the mastership last summer. Miss Somerville lives at Skibbereen, County Cork, ever famous as the town in which the *Eagle* is published—a newspaper which once began a leader, "For some time past we have had our eye on the Tsar of Russia." No doubt its eagle optic is glancing eastward now!

From "Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting"

A is for Alphabet,
Faith! I'm in dhread,
It's hardly I'll battle it
Out to the Z.

From "Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting"

H is for Horn,
The few that can blow it
Are born to the thrick,
Just the same as a poet.

Actual Portraiture in Fiction

There should be some understanding as to how far a novelist is justified in portraying living characters in a work of fiction. In France the law has terrors for those who come too near the description of an actual personality or even the using of a name borne by any living person. Daudet, for instance, had originally written that delicious farce, *Tartarin of Tarascon*, as *Barbarin*, but a worthy in the little Rhone town bore this name, and the novelist had to adopt the alliterative and more euphonious *Tartarin*. Quite recently a lady obtained damages from an English novelist for having too closely described her in his book. The appearance of a novel by Mrs. Rentoul Esler suggests these reflections, as people are asking who Wendover Wright, a religious editor, figuring in her latest book "The Trackless Way,"

may be. The character is a most unattractive one, and Mrs. Esler uses all her undoubted powers of mordant description in depicting him. "Wendover Wright was middle-sized; he was bald—he liked to be bald, it accentuated the eminence of his forehead—he had a pair of eyes like the cairngorms of his native land, as bright and just as soulful, and a long, straight, inquisitive nose, as sharp as the beak of a goldfinch." After deciding to get the hero to do a book for him, which he did not mean to pay for, Wright "began to hum softly a verse from the twenty-third Psalm, because the good man, when he is merry, relieves his spirit with that kind of joyful noise." Of course, all this is very obvious caricature.

About Logrolling

Mrs. Esler, who is an Irish lady, and, to my mind, one of the most brilliant women-writers in London, where her husband is a doctor, made her first real success as a novelist with "The Way they Loved at Grimpat," just ten years ago. She was for some years a regular contributor to *The British Weekly*, where she wrote as "Amica," and by that token might be supposed to know something of literary life in London. She seems to be girding at the practice of logrolling, but, with a woman's lack of logic, Wendover Wright is made to tell Mrs. Esler's hero how he founded the fortunes of "Mountford, the novelist":—"I took him up when he had written just three newspaper articles and a comic song, and I began to boom him—intelligently, you understand. And where is he now, do you think? He has one hundred thousand pounds well invested, and a name that is known to the ends of the earth." There is not so much caricature here, but one is at a loss to see the heinousness of the sin imputed to Wright, as he would gladly have done the same for another as well adapted to "booming." The simple truth is, that little or nothing can be done to build up a literary reputation by logrolling, unless the man whose logs are being rolled for him has real grit of merit in his composition. You can't make an addled egg toothsome, and you can't foist a duffer on the reading public, but you may help a good man to increase his audience, and a dozen "Wendover Wrights" would be very useful to some "poor but deserving" brethren of the pen!

Mark Twain and Kipling

I read somewhere the other day that we are presently to have another book from the pen of Mark Twain. So far as I recollect, this new work is to tell the story of his early days as a literary man. The celebrated humorist is never more delightful than when he is letting his imagination riot in a quasi-autobiographical mood; so that we may look forward to the forthcoming book with anticipations of a pleasure we are certain to experience. I suppose there is scarcely a man of letters in the Anglo-Saxon world to whom Mark Twain is not a hero. Personally, I shall always regret that I missed the only opportunity I have ever had of meeting one whom I have admired since my earliest years of literary consciousness. He is an old man now, and not likely to roam the world much more, so that the chances of seeing him in London again are small, though he visited Europe last summer, and was at Florence on his sixty-eighth birthday, in November last. Perhaps he is not so old as his age, and certainly not so old as he seems to a young man who remembers him as a veteran almost from the first. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's impression of him would warrant this opinion, for when the young Anglo-Indian met the author of the immortal "Huckleberry Finn," on his visit to America fourteen years ago, he was at first struck by his appearance of age; "yet," says Kipling, "after a moment's thought I perceived that it was otherwise, and in five minutes, the eyes looking at me, I saw that the grey hair was an accident of the most trivial kind. He was quite young." As beautiful a tribute as any ever paid by one great author to another is Kipling's to Mark Twain; you will find the whole passage in "From Sea to Sea":

Once, indeed, he put his hand on my shoulder. It was an investiture of the Star of India—blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to cureless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder; and he shall give me a room to myself, and a double allowance of paupers' tobacco.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Miss E. Œ. Somerville

Whose new and amusing book, "Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting," has just been published

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Stanley Weyman

Some "Twainiana"

It is doubtful if any living author—not excepting Kipling himself—has had as much written about him by his contemporaries, great and small, as Mark Twain has been privileged to see. There is a popular impression that Stevenson carried the palm in this respect; but I may claim to a fair knowledge of everything that was written about R. L. S., and I do not hesitate to say that a far greater mass of literary journalism has Mark Twain for its subject. One of the best takes us back to his life in San Francisco, when he was a struggling newspaper writer, and, like R. L. S. during his stay in the same town, painfully short of cash. A lady of his acquaintance had seen him several times carrying a cigar-box under his arm. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It's not that," said Mark, "I'm moving again." More than once his death has been reported, and on such an occasion he pointed out that the report was "greatly exaggerated." He looks at old age with the same laughing philosophy with which he has always regarded life, and when he was asked by an English editor, on his sixty-eighth birthday, to write an article, he sent a contribution on "Amended Obituaries," beginning thus: "I am approaching seventy; it is in sight; it is only three years away. Necessarily I must go soon." "In view of my approaching change, it has seemed to me wise to take such measures as may be feasible to acquire, by courtesy of the Press, access to my standing obituaries, with the privilege—if this is not asking too much—of editing, not their Facts, but their Verdicts. This, not for present profit, further than as it concerns my family, but as a favourable influence usable on the Other Side, where there are some who are not friendly to me." Long may the publication of his obituaries—"amended" or otherwise—be postponed!

Stanley Weyman

Mr. Stanley Weyman's latest novel, "The Long Night," continues to be one of the most sought-after books of the present season, and, indeed, one may safely hazard the prophecy that it will continue to be popular when the bulk of the novels which came from the press three or four months ago are quite forgotten. It represents the high-water mark of Mr. Weyman's achievement. Just as Stevenson, in "The Master of Ballantrae," first rose above the mere sword and buckler play of the historical romance, and invested his tale with genuine emotion and the deeper things of character, so does Mr. Weyman, in this admirable romance, reach into recesses of human nature he has never before endeavoured seriously to explore. The background of the story—the romantic town of Geneva and the period of the burgher republic—was most happily chosen, and there are many in these days of Cook and Dr. Lunn who will be familiar with the spirit of the scenes the romancist has so deftly described, though the face of the old town by Leman's Lake has altered vastly since the Dukes of Savoy had cause to be jealous of its influence among the nations. Mr. Weyman is one of the many famous novelists we seldom see in London; he lives in the little country town of Ruthin. Although it is fourteen years since he made his first hit with "The House of the Wolf," he was thirty-five at that time, and in these days of young genuises that is none too soon to score a success.

J. A. H.

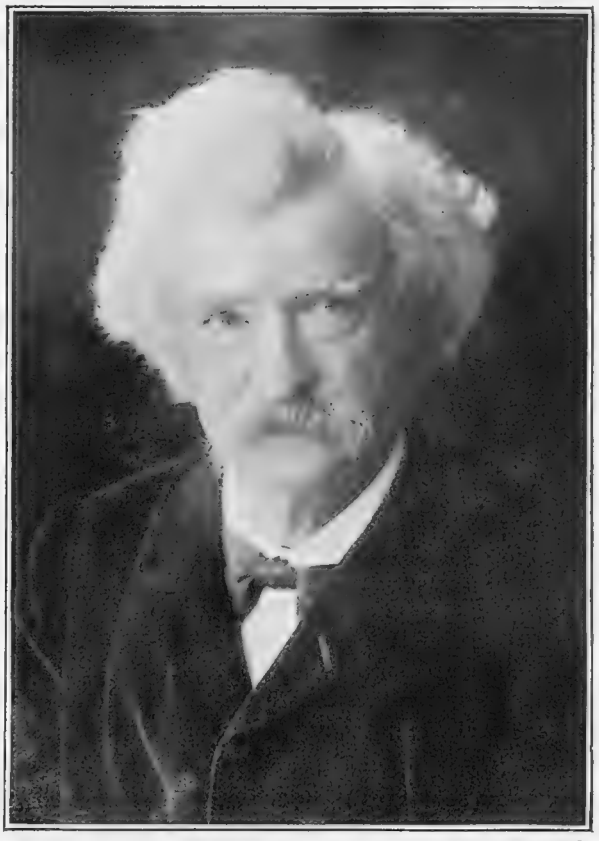


Photo by *Russell*

"Mark Twain"

OUR SHORT STORY

IN THE MAY-TIME OF HER YOUTH

By ELLA MACLACHLAN

Sir Digby Frant was bringing his young wife home. The journey had been a long and tiring one, but as the carriage came slowly up the drive a small, dark face peered curiously from the window. Lady Frant's eyes were bright with excitement. This was her first introduction to her husband's ancestral place. It was a turreted mansion of grey stone, partly covered with ivy.

As the carriage drew up the door was flung open, and a white-haired butler respectfully welcomed his master and his master's new wife. Farther on stood the women servants, curtseying as well as stiff knee-joints would allow. All of them, the girl observed, were, like her husband, old. She felt terribly young.

"Glad to see you, glad to see you," Sir Digby said affably; "and, Mary, this is your new mistress. Mary will be your maid, my dear," he said, turning to Valerie. "There is no one in the county can braid hair like she can. Eh, Mary?"

Valerie smiled. "What a pity braiding is out of fashion," she said kindly, looking at the thin, sad-faced woman; "but here are my keys for you to unpack my things," and she extracted a small bunch from a white kid bag studded with turquoises.

The servants retired.

Valerie gazed awestruck at her beautiful home. The hall was oak-panelled, and suits of armour were ranged grimly against the walls. There was an old-world, musty smell in all the rooms. Everything was magnificently sombre and ancestral.

"Oh, what a view!" and Valerie ran and flung open the diamond-paned casements. Velvety green lawns and quaintly cut box-trees were in the near foreground. She caught glimpses of distant purple hills through the trees.

Sir Digby hastened to shut the door. "I can't stand draughts, my darling."

"No? But you love fresh air, don't you?"

"Yes, out of doors."

Valerie smiled sweetly at him. "Indeed, you have made me mistress of a dream-home! I never thought it would be half so beautiful."

The elderly husband smiled delightedly. "I shall enjoy taking you round the grounds and stables to-morrow."

"May I just run out now? It does look so inviting," she said eagerly.

"I think you had better wait till I can take you round to-morrow." The girl was a little disappointed, but she linked her arm in his affectionately as they went to inspect the other rooms. In the library, in front of the door, lay two dogs—a deerhound and a spaniel.

"Oh! but I love dogs!" and she rushed to caress them.

"Yes, they have been faithful friends, but poor old Gelert is nearly blind, and Judith is like me—a little deaf in one ear!"

"Are they old, too?—I mean, I noticed the servants were rather old," she hastened to add, noticing a flutter of Sir Digby's eyelids, which portended slight displeasure.

"Yes—all old retainers," he answered with an assumption of carelessness.

That night at dinner, the bride wore her wedding-dress. Chiffon and lace draped her exquisite white shoulders. Her black hair rippled round her radiant little face. Excitement and happiness shone in her soft dark eyes. The table was massed with old plate, and the light of the candles gleamed on antique glass.

Sir Digby toasted his bride, and she held up her glass and laughed joyously as a child.

"I love all these silver things. That is very old, I suppose?" and she pointed to a huge silver bowl in the centre of the table.

"We call it antique, my dear,—not old. Yes, it has been in our family for many generations. There is no modern garishness in this house I think."

"Excepting little me," she said, pouting playfully.

"Oh! but you are a flower—a rare exotic which I have gathered for my buttonhole."

"Thank you, Digby—that's nicely put."

They lingered long over their dinner as Sir Digby talked of the days of his youth, which to Valerie seemed hundreds of years ago.

The next day, after breakfast, Sir Digby suggested an inspection of the stables and grounds. He walked with a stick, which was as much a support as a convenience for pointing and prodding animals.

The coachman showed the horses with pride. He was very bow-legged and infirm. The grooms, too, were middle-aged.

"That was the last hunter I rode," and Sir Digby pointed to a large-boned white mare, whose knees were considerably in front of her fore-feet. "Ah! she was a rare 'un to go," he added, lapsing into slang, as men invariably do over horses.

Then the gardener was visited in his cottage. He had worked for Sir Digby for forty years, and expressed himself as "mightily pleased and honoured to see her ladyship."

A fortnight passed by. Nothing had happened to break the monotony of the days, with the exception of some callers. But they were old, too. The

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novelty of her beautiful home had begun to wear off, and Valerie found herself longing for someone young to speak to—someone young to look at even. She stifled the longing, but it possessed her anew. It seemed ages since she had laughed—and she was only nineteen.

One day Sir Digby found her in the picture gallery, talking aloud to one of the portraits.

"My child, what are you doing?"

She blushed. "Oh, I was only pretending, Digby, that that beautiful girl was alive. She looks as if she never could have died. I should have loved her!"

"No, you would not, my dear. Perhaps it was as well she was taken while she was young; for she was not a virtuous woman. She ran away from her husband."

"Oh! Was he o—— odious?" she said, just checking the word "old" in time.

"Odious? Not at all. He was a good and upright man; but the foolish girl left him for Colonel Tarrant's son, a good-for-nothing scamp."

"Why?" Valerie was deeply interested.

"Oh, because she was a wicked woman."

"How sad! But perhaps she was happier with the second man?"

"My dear, my dear! Does wrongdoing ever bring happiness?"

Valerie felt reproved; but as they left the gallery she softly kissed her fingers to the portrait.

Later that day Sir Digby was reading the local weekly paper in his study, and Valerie went in, and, drawing a low chair up to his side, said:

"Digby, I want a nice talk."

"One minute, my love. They are actually allowing that low-bred Pilkington a seat on the Bench, and I see a right of way through Lord Branksome's property is being claimed. Dear me—dear me—and the Liberals have obtained a majority at Barton," he continued, his eye running over the paper—"what's the county coming to?"

"I am sure I don't know," his wife answered, with her thoughts far away.

"Digby, dear, may I invite a few friends to stay? Don't you think a small house party, to show off all our beautiful things, would be nice?"

Sir Digby dropped his paper, but his glasses remained perched on his nose.

"A house party already! Why, we've only been married six weeks. It would not be decent."

The colour rushed to Valerie's face. "What do you mean?"

"Do you know so little of *les convenances* as to wish to invite a number of guests to stay, six weeks after we have been married? Are you tired of me already, dear?" he added, with a look of genuine distress.

"Oh! no, Digby, it is not that, but—I can't help wanting someone young to talk and laugh with a little. I have not seen a youthful person since I have been here. Do you think it very strange of me?"

"I must confess I think it a little odd. What is more, my dear, I distinctly refuse to have my house filled with vapid young men and giggling girls, at least, till we have been married some months. Is there anything you want? I have given you jewellery, horses and carriages, and you can order as many frocks as you like. Is there anything else you would like?"

"I have all I want, thank you, and I am very grateful," but tears welled up in the girl's eyes as she rose to her feet. "I won't mention it again," she said, and left the study. She locked herself in her room, and sobbed hysterically.

That evening Valerie was as bright as usual, but the next day the longing for youthful companionship came over her with more insistence than ever. She longed to run, and dance, and sing—the longing that all young creatures have for motion. Everyone in the place was old—her husband, the servants, the dogs, and the horses. Even the piano had a strange, old-world, tinkling sound. "And I should like a chair in my room that was under fifty," she said aloud, as she gazed at the Sheraton and Chippendale specimens standing about.

The days got longer and longer. They walked in the grounds in the morning; they drove out and paid calls in the afternoon. There were a few neighbours whom Sir Digby considered of sufficiently ancient lineage for him to associate with.

One morning Valerie woke early. The sun was streaming through the blinds into their room. She dressed very quietly, and slipped out, without waking her husband. He had a habit of sleeping with his best ear covered up.

Valerie took in deep breaths of the fragrant morning air. She sang softly to the birds, and knelt and bathed her face in the dew. It was a beautiful world after all! How she longed to spread her wings like that little sparrow and fly—she knew not whither, only far from old age and death; for old age is a constant reminder of eventual dissolution.

The girl looked round her. There was no one about, so she ran—ran—ran—all down the avenue. She felt she could run for ever. And supposing—the thought was wicked, but delicious—she were running away! . . . . . .

The exercise did her good, and she stopped at last, quite exhausted, and with a beating heart sank on a seat.

Again an intense yearning for youth and laughter came over her. Of love she knew nothing. Sir Digby had married her directly she came out, and she had a grateful affection for him. Vaguely she felt this was not life—that there were possibilities within herself of which she knew nothing. After a little rest she rose and shook herself, tidied her hair and walked in to breakfast. Sir Digby was rather shocked when she told him she had been for a run in the garden before breakfast, and trusted that she would remember a certain amount of dignity was expected of Lady Frant.

In the afternoon she was still full of the *joie de vivre*, and longed for a companion who felt likewise. Valerie shut herself in the music-room and poured out her soul in song—a song of love and spring. The door opened and her husband came in. His expression was pained. "What wild tarantelles you are indulging in, my dear! I am afraid you will strain your voice. Why not sing some of Lassen's quiet and restful melodies! To my mind he is such a refined composer."

"Much too refined for me," the girl answered

recklessly. "This is what I like," and she trolled out a wild French *chansonette.*

"Hush! That's vulgar, Valerie. Remember your position as mistress of my house."

"Oh! Digby, you need never be afraid that I can forget it!" But she shut the piano and moved away, still humming the refrain of the French song.

Every day Valerie felt younger, and every day Sir Digby looked older.

One evening he reproved her for running upstairs two steps at a time. No Lady Frant had ever done such a thing, he was sure.

"Not the beautiful girl in the portrait? Oh, I think she must have. Do you know, I was talking to her the other day—she is so sympathetic—and she told me she was glad she had run away! What do you think of that?" Valerie looked up at her husband from under dark lashes—a look of defiance and mischief.

"I can only say that I am afraid that you have a depraved nature," Sir Digby said coldly. His eyelids twitched nervously. "Never say such things again, Valerie."

The girl heaved a deep sigh and took up a book, but she did not read. She sat and thought, and thought. What if she should run away? The idea was not new, but hitherto she had banished it from her mind. Now it took hold of her, and it was a pleasant thought. She would go to her people, without permission, and stay a few weeks, and if she came back she would insist on bringing some friends with her. She laughed softly as she thought of the joy of the rushing train after the slowness of the lumbering old barouche. And there might be someone young in the railway carriage! Whoever they were, she would smile and talk to them. Gradually the thought shaped in her mind, and she could not get rid of it. Oh, to be able to fling out her arms and thank God that she lived—to sing—and to laugh—without being reproached for undue levity! It would be almost too great joy.

At dinner she was *distraite*, but happy. That night she hardly slept. The next morning promised another glorious day. That evening she would fly. Her mind was made up; before the sun set she would be in London—London, where people lived and laughed. It would be quite easy to slip out; the station was only half a mile away. Sir Digby invariably snoozed between tea and dinner; then would be her opportunity. Of course, she would leave a note for him; the idea rather appealed to her. She wondered if Lady Frant in the portrait had done that. Tea time came at last, and after it Sir Rigby retired to his study. Valerie flew to her room. On a half sheet of paper she wrote in pencil:

My dear Digby,

I have gone to London for a few days to my people. I did not tell you, because I was afraid you would not let me go. Please forgive,

Your loving wife,

VALERIE.

This she put in an envelope and left on his dressing-table. "After all, I am only leaving the antiquities for a few days," she said to herself.

The train Valerie meant to catch left at 6.30.

At six she left the garden for the road. No one was about. She was so excited that her voice trembled as she asked for her ticket. Puffing and snorting, the train came in, and, with a double shriek, it went out, carrying Valerie Frant, mad with joy.

Sir Digby slept longer than usual that afternoon. He woke, and looked at his watch. It was 6.30. Slowly he ascended the stairs to dress for dinner; he insisted on dining at seven.

"Where's her ladyship?" he asked Mary, who was putting out Valerie's evening dress.

"She is not in yet, sir."

"Go and tell her the time. If she is not in the picture gallery (he hated the picture gallery now) she will be in the garden."

The maid went. Then Sir Digby saw the letter; his face blanched even to the lips.

He tottered to a chair, and sank into it, fumbling feebly for his glasses. The half sheet of paper fluttered like a leaf in the breeze in his shaking fingers.

"Oh, my God! But not disgraced—not disgraced—yet——" he murmured. His mind was made up. He pulled the bell violently. Both Brown and Mary appeared simultaneously—the latter to say she could not find her mistress, and the former in answer to the urgent summons.

Sir Digby strove to control his voice. He was not aware that he hardly spoke above a whisper. "I have just had a note from her ladyship reminding me she was going to London to see Mrs. Singleton—her mother—to-day, and she did not like to disturb me. I had quite forgotten. I shall join her this evening. Pack my portmanteau at once, Brown, and be ready to go to town with me at 7.45." He drew himself up, and looked at the servants as if daring them to doubt his word, then he went downstairs and drank a wineglassful of brandy.

Brown came and said the carriage would be round at half-past seven, and would his master dine at once.

"Yes," Sir Digby said; but each dish was left untasted. His face was grey and his eyes were bloodshot. It was a terrible shock to his pride. Ridicule to him was nauseous. His idea was to prevent the servants and neighbours thinking that his wife had left him; besides which, there was a horrible fear lurking in his mind that Valerie had gone away with another man. He shuddered at the very thought; but he had her mother's word for it that she had seen so few men, and had not cared for any of them. Sitting at the head of his table, alone, surrounded by luxuries, Sir Digby looked utterly forlorn.

At half-past seven, fortified by more brandy, Sir Digby started. It suddenly occurred to him that Brown must not go farther than the station, or he would find out the true story of Lady Frant's departure. Brown was, therefore, dismissed after he had procured his master's ticket. Sir Digby managed to say, in his usual peremptory manner, "We shall be back in time for dinner to-morrow, unless I wire to the contrary."

Charing Cross was reached at last. Sir Digby's brain was on fire. The brandy had stimulated him to such a degree that he felt his heart beating in his throat and his temples throbbing.

"Faster! Can't you drive faster?" he shouted to the cabman. The man whipped his horse till it galloped. Sir Digby leant forward over the doors of the hansom. When they reached Hanover-place, Sir Digby hastened to alight. He gave the cabman several silver coins and hurried up the steps as fast as his legs would carry him. He dragged at the bell and breathlessly he faced the servant—

"Is—Lady—Frant—here?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir," the man answered quite calmly.

"Oh!" and Sir Digby's hand went to his head—he swayed, then fell heavily forward, dragging the footman to the ground.

The man's startled cry for help brought Mrs. Singleton hurrying down from the drawing-room in time to see her son-in-law placed on the dining-room sofa, where he lay, inert and breathing stertorously. Terror-struck, she ran upstairs again to her daughter.

"Valerie, Valerie, my darling. Sir Digby has arrived, and is very ill. Come at once to him."

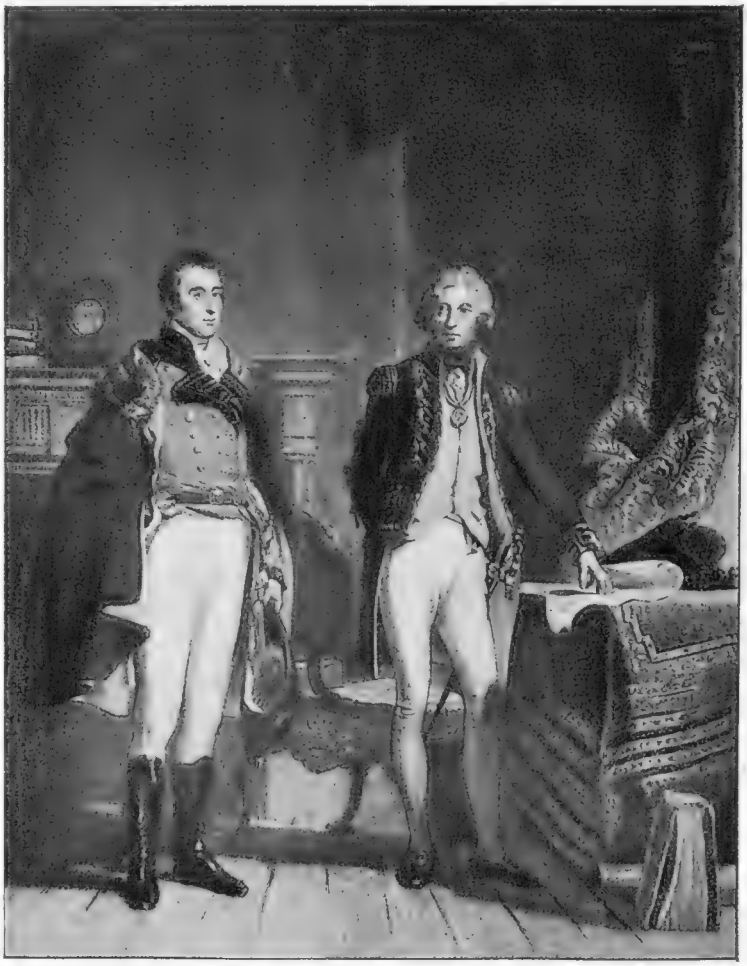
Lady Frant did not faint, nor did she cry when they told her he would never speak again. She knelt by his side and silently kissed his withered hand.

She was appalled—horrified—conscience-stricken, yet deep down in her heart there was a vague sense of relief.

THE ONLY TIME THAT NELSON AND WELLINGTON MET

Wellington's Opinion of Our Great Naval Hero

It is curious that the only time Nelson and Wellington ever met was by accident one day when both were waiting to see the Secretary of State at the Colonial Office in Downing-street, probably in September, 1805. Croker, who records the interview, says that the Duke and he were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. "Why," said the Duke, "I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office, in Downing-street, and there I was shown into the little waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman whom, from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of his arm, I immediately recognised as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side, and all about himself, and in, really, a style so silly and so vain as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was somebody, and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt, to ask the office-keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent with a good sense and a knowledge of subjects, both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly for the last half or three-quarters of an hour I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had; but, luckily, I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man."



The Meeting of Nelson and Wellington
From an engraving in the possession of R. B. Marston, Esq., after Reynolds's picture

Skating at Hengler's on Artificial Ice

From a flashlight Photograph by Nops, Ltd. *taken specially for "The Bystander."*

"The Children's Hour"

Copyright of *"The Bystander"*

A Group of Skating Professors

The young girl in the centre is Miss Charlton, who is distinguished, not only as a most beautiful and finished skater, but as the youngest "professor" in the world.

Skating at Hengler's on Artificial Ice

Copyright of *"The Bystander"*

Visitors Can Waltz or Cut Figures on a Perfect Surface to the Accompaniment of a Highly Trained Orchestra

Copyright of *"The Bystander"*

Scraping and Levelling the Ice before an Assembly

Skating at Hengler's on Artificial Ice

Copyright of **The Amateur Skating Club and Hockey Team** *"The Bystander"*

Hengler's is the headquarters of the National Skating Association, which has about 2,000 members.

Copyright of **A View of the Refrigerating Plant** *"The Bystander"*

In addition to freezing the ice for the rink, these engines are used in the manufacture of from twenty-five to thirty tons of pure ice daily for the market.

POPULAR FAVOURITES

Photo by *Lafayette, Dublin*

Miss Jane May

The youngest sister of Miss Edna May

POPULAR FAVOURITES

Photo by *Lafayette, Dublin*

Miss Beatrice Beckley

Who is playing the part of Katherine in "If I were King," on tour

HIGHBURY

Mr. Chamberlain's Beautiful Home near Birmingham

Public life is a hard taskmaster. The strain upon such a worker as Mr. Chamberlain would be almost too great, were it not for the fact that, like most of his colleagues in the House, Mr. Chamberlain is the possessor of a beautiful retreat in the country, whither he retires at brief intervals from the public eye, and seeks relaxation from the trials and strain of politics among his orchids and other subjects less controversial than fiscalities. Familiar as is Mr. Chamberlain's personality, it is doubtful if anything is known about Highbury beyond the fact that the conservatories are well stocked with orchids. As may be seen from the illustrations, Mr. Chamberlain's home offers ideal opportunities for peace and relaxation. Within easy reach of Birmingham, it is so beautifully situated in its own grounds that it might be miles away in the heart of the country. Among the attractions of Highbury must be included a large farm, well stocked with cattle, in the breeding of which Mr. Chamberlain takes a keen interest.

Photo by *Whitlock*

A Side View of Highbury

Photo by *Whitlock*

The Carriage Drive up to the Front Entrance

Photo by *Whitlock*

The Hall at Highbury

Photo by *Reid*

There is a Large Farm at Highbury, plentifully Stocked with Cattle

DOLL CELE-BRITIES

Some Exhibits at a Grand Bazaar recently held in Johannesburg by the Loyal Women's League

The King and Queen of England in their Coronation Robes
These dolls were the most elaborately dressed in the whole bazaar

were the effigies of their Majesties, the King and Queen. The representatives of international amity between America, Canada, and Great Britain, are worth noting, if only for the characteristic nature of their attitudes. America is gazing straight before her, Canada takes rather a serious and contemplative view of the situation, while Britannia has her pretty little nose tip-tilted in the air, as if to bid defiance to all comers.

An Irish Couple

At a grand bazaar recently held in Johannesburg under the auspices of the Loyal Women's Guild, and opened by Lady Lawley, one of the most successful side shows consisted of an exhibition of dolls dressed to represent living royalties and celebrities, while others were decked out in the somewhat cumbrous garments symbolical of contemporary happenings which are to be seen at a fancy dress ball. The central figures of this waxen assembly

A Group of Post Office Dolls

Britannia, Canada, and America

The Labour Question is Solved by the Introduction of Chinese Workers

SOME DOLL EXHIBITS AT A GRAND BAZAAR IN JOHANNESBURG

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

(A Midnight Fantasy)

By HENRY MURRAY

The grumbling bass of the wind in the chimney, and the spiteful *arpeggio* of the sleet upon the panes, mingled drowsily with the soft flicker of the flame and the occasional crackle of the coals in the grate. The boisterous night without deepened the comfort of the cosy, lamp-lit room, drew me to the window, and seemed still further to intensify the sense of contrast between them. A hundred feet below lay the Embankment; a broad ribbon of white streaked with black bands of shadow, dotted here and there with a belated passenger hurrying to home and hearthside, and with a few melancholy figures, whose slouching attitudes were eloquent of resignation to the unsheltered rigours of the night. The river lay black as fabled Phlegethon, save where it was touched with rippling splashes of gold by the rare lights upon the further bank, itself hidden by the serried lines of driving hail falling ceaselessly out of the void immensity of a starless sky.

With a shiver of contentment I let fall the window curtain, and sank into the soft depths of the armchair. But in the very act of stretching out my hand for the lately relinquished book beside me, I was assailed by a sudden chill sense of neighbourhood to something strange and undefined, and ere it had time to pass I saw that I was not alone. No faintest sound had broken the stillness of the room; no rustle of the silken portière, no footfall on the carpet. But there, in the armchair facing mine, on the other side of the hearth, a man was seated. A grey man, from whose bent head fell a tumbling cataract of hair and beard. His face was hidden; his attitude was one of weariness, verging on dejection. Sudden and unexpected as was the apparition, I was less surprised at *it* than I was at my lack of surprise on seeing it. There was nothing disquieting about the figure, and I had hardly recognised its presence before it seemed quite natural that it should be there. I did not even feel impelled to ask the motive of the stranger's intrusion on my midnight solitude, but sat studying him in silence till he raised his head. The face seemed at once strange and familiar. I had seen it before, of that I was certain; but where and when?

"You do not know me?" the stranger asked, after a further interval of silence. The voice produced upon me the same effect as the face. My memory made rapid, zigzag guesses, but in vain.

"No," I answered; "I do not know you—yet; though I somehow feel as if I ought."

"You may recognise me by-and-by," he said, with a faint smile. "We were intimates—close intimates; but it is natural enough that you should not know me now. It is forty years to-night since we parted company."

Again, still with my eyes upon his face, I searched my memory. Again I found no clue to my visitor's identity.

"Patience a moment," he said, reading my thought as clearly as if I had spoken it aloud. "You do not remember what happened, at this very hour, forty years ago? Well, forty years is a long time, and much has occurred since then; but it was a very important moment; it was the moment at which you made a certain choice, and at which you parted company with me."

My glance still questioned him.

"On the morning of that day you had finished your school career—a brilliant end to a series of brilliant episodes, a shining forecast of a triumphant life. You had swept the board, you had attained every prize that little world could offer you; you were the darling of your masters, the idol of your companions. In the very height of your triumph you received an urgent appeal to hurry home. You went, to find your father, whose pride and delight in your success would have been the greatest of all your rewards, dead. That night, alone in your chamber, with the body of your father lying in the next room, you made the choice."

I bent forward, listening with a fast-beating heart. The sense of semi-familiarity with the face and voice of my interlocutor was growing. I felt that I was on the point of recognising him.

"It was not an easy choice to make. I do not greatly blame you for choosing as you did, though I chose otherwise. Your father had been unlucky in business, and his death had happened at a singularly unfortunate moment, just when his knowledge and courage might have been of most effect. He had relied on you to aid his failing strength; he and your mother had pinched and managed, and contrived, to give you the education and the polish they had lacked and felt the need of, mainly with that object. You had known all this since you had known anything at all, and you had learned it anew, and more strongly, from your grief-stricken mother and sisters during the day. You knew that your father's summons from life, swift as it had been, had left him time to speak of you; to commit the faithful mother and the helpless sisters to your charge; to leave counsel and advice regarding the conduct of his business; and his sudden death had only brought you a little earlier face to face with a difficulty you had seen growing larger and larger for months past. You had seen the Choice awaiting you—to bind yourself, as your father willed, to a life of monotonous business routine; to work hard, live sparely, and die un-noted, as he had done; or to enter on the broader, freer, happier life your superior talents and better education had made possible for you. The prospect lay clear before you: on the one hand, poverty, uncongenial labour, obscurity; on

(*All rights reserved*)

the other, social and artistic success, fame, wealth. You made your choice that night, and that night we parted company."

"I know you now," I said. "You are——"

"I am yourself—that might have been. I chose the path that you refused. I bent myself to the daily toil, which earned the daily bread and the nightly sleep. It was a poor, dull, narrow life, but it had its compensations. I never read my name in a newspaper, or saw people turn to look after me in the street; I never dined with Royal personages; I have no handle to my name. I can't even say, honestly, that my mother's pride and my sister's affection, or my moderate success in business, or even the interior sense of duty done, were always quite successful in stifling the regrets I felt, at odd moments, for the broader life I might have lived and had renounced. There is a good deal of nonsense in the popular belief—which is so unpopular in practice—about virtue being its own reward. But I was too busy to think much, and, indeed, of late years I have given up thinking—what *you* would call thinking—altogether."

"Tell me your life," I said, moved now to strong interest. "Tell me all."

"My life? There is nothing to tell, nothing that millions of the people about you do not know by heart." He paused for a moment, as if reviewing his past, and then said, with a sudden smile, "Ah, yes—Nelly! You remember Nelly?"

"Yes, I remember Nelly."

"Of course. *Your* fancy had gone in that direction once, and you had hard work—harder than you cared to confess—to conquer it. Perhaps it was fortunate for both of you that you succeeded. She was a pretty little thing; good, too, and clever in her way—the ordinary woman's way—but she would have been no mate for you. *We* got on very well together. She was a great help to me, in her quiet way. Yes, we had children," he went on, again reading my unspoken question. "Jack's a wonderfully clever chap—he reminds me of you, sometimes—and Nelly—we named the first girl after her mother—is just *your* Nelly over again. May died at five, poor little creature." He bowed his head again, as if it bent above the cradle of an ailing child, and for a long space there was silence between us. Many thoughts were in my mind, many questions rose unspoken to my lips, till at last one—the concentration of all I wished to learn—found utterance.

"And are you happy?" I asked.

"Happy?" he echoed. "Who *is* happy?"

I bent my eyes upon the fire, and thought long, with that sad query ringing like a muffled bell within my heart. When I next looked towards the chair which had held my midnight visitor it was empty. He had gone as soundlessly as he had come. I am glad of his brief visit. He takes my thanks with him to that dim shadowland where What Is will so shortly join What Might have Been. I had been troubled till I saw him, but now I am content.

The Deutsch Airship being Prepared for a Flight

(M. Deutsch was the donor of the prize gained by M. Santos-Dumont for sailing round the Eiffel Tower. The Deutsch airship is one of the largest constructed, and is fitted with a motor of 60 h.p.)

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

We grow more and more strongly of the opinion that the matter of discarding at Bridge might very well be simplified with considerable advantage to the game. So far its chief exponents seem to have rather rejoiced at being able to add a complexity here and a complexity there, in the fond hope, apparently, of being eventually able to swell their treatises to the size of the last edition of "Cavendish" on Whist. But Bridge is a very different matter from Whist. Whist was chiefly a diversion of the serious, of persons *rangés*, or retired from the Services. Bridge is the diversion of a much larger and more cheerful world, which, in truth, devotes but a fitful attention to its more elaborate mysteries. The simpler it is made, the greater the number of its devotees who will play it well; the more rarely will the good player be let down, ungently, by an indifferent partner.

Moreover, as we pointed out last week, under the present rules for discarding, the player is continually confronted by a choice of evils. In about one hand out of three, the exigencies of the situation prevent him from giving his partner exact information as to the suit he wants leading, or compel him to weaken a moderately strong suit by discarding from it.

We should suggest that the majority of players would find themselves very much better off if they adopted a uniform discard call: that is, if they were to make their first discard always—whether the declaration were Trumps or No-Trumps, whether strength in trumps were with them or against them, whether, in No-Trumps, their partner or their adversary were leading—from the suit they want led to them.

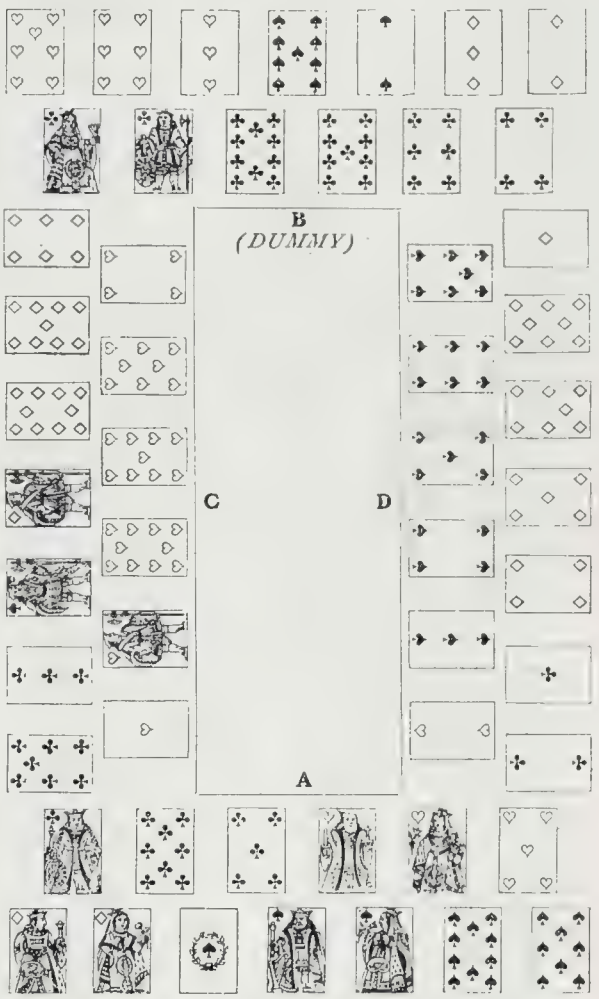
They would still be compelled sometimes to weaken a moderately strong suit by discarding from it, but they are compelled often enough to do that as it is, under the present rules. They would gain the immense advantage of always giving their partner exact information, and of relieving him of the burden, which seems to be bitterly felt by some six players out of ten, of watching their further discards. It is so easy to note your partner's first discard and lead that suit when you get in.

It would always be possible to keep the present rule for showing the suit that you do not wish led, which is that you discard from it a lower and then a higher card. This would be useful on occasions when you dare not discard from a moderately strong suit, or unguard another. But, for our part, we believe it would be better to have the one single, simple rule: discard first from the suit you want leading. The great majority of players are not, at present, experts. When they are, there will be no harm in having half-a-dozen, or even a dozen, rules about discarding.

Lovers of a really complex card game cannot do better than try the Russian national game of Vint. It is closely akin to Bridge; indeed, it would almost seem that some Russian of a tortuous mind must have discovered Bridge in the Levant and set himself to elaborate it. In the first place, each player may declare in every hand, and go on declaring till the highest declaration has been made, so that often the declaration passes from the dealer to one of his opponents. The game consists of 500 points, made by tricks without counting honours, as at Bridge. There is no doubling; but the tricks score from 10 to 70 each, according to the height of the declaration. The value of the honours runs from 100 to 700 points each, again according to the height of the declaration. Consequently the total points scored at the end of a game run into tens of thousands; the winners may score 25,000, the losers 17,000. When once you have mastered the mysteries of declaring and scoring, it is a fascinating game; and there is a good, clear little treatise on it by Mr. Frank W. Haddan, published by David Nutt.

Some of our readers try to solve our Bridge problems as though they were double dummy hands. They are not, but are played in the ordinary way, each player seeing only his own hand and dummy.

PROBLEM VI.



Score: A B, love; C D, 28.

A deals, and declares No-Trumps. A B make the Little Slam against three aces.

A solution of this problem will be given next week.

[Communications to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.]

£25 BRIDGE COMPETITION

Every day brings a large batch of inquiries about our Bridge Competition, which is gratifying, as showing the interest displayed in it. The First Prize of £25 in cash will be given for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of a rubber. There will be, moreover, ten Consolation Prizes of one guinea each, for the next best solutions. The Competition commenced two weeks ago, but, of course, competitors may enter at any point of it by obtaining back numbers.

In the present number the third hand of the rubber is offered for solution. One hand will be given each week. Solutions may be sent in each week, or kept till the closing date is announced, which will be shortly.

Apart from the chances of winning a prize, the advantage of working through a Bridge competition is that it crystallises, as nothing else can, your knowledge of the game, and strengthens your grip on it.

Competitors should read through the rules very carefully.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solution; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

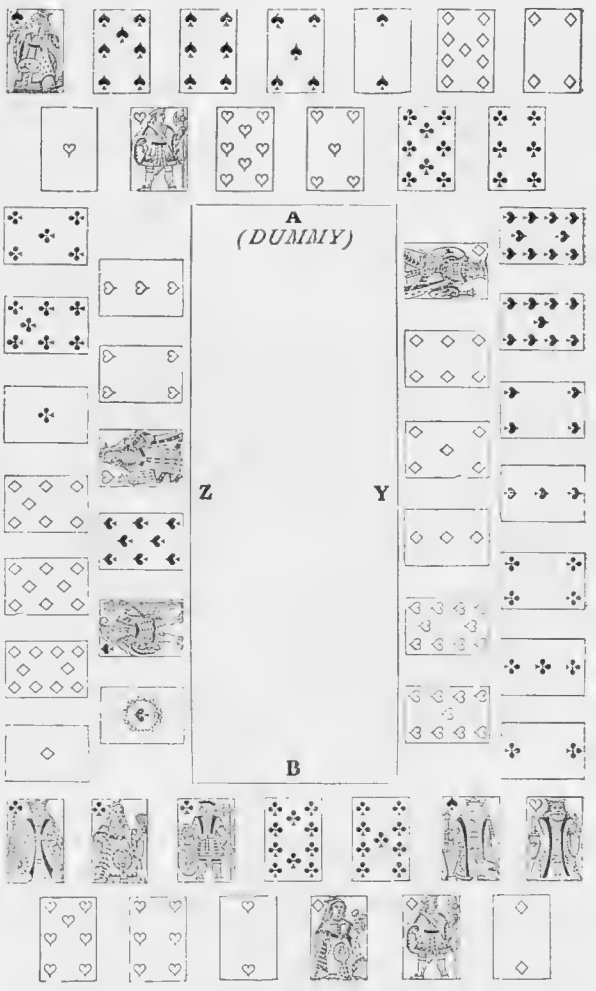
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Bridge Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

COUPON III.

THE THIRD HAND OF THE RUBBER.



B deals.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

This competition began in our issue of Wednesday, January 6.

"Dai Bouts," a Celebrated Japanese Idol

On the first *tableau* curtain scene in *The Darling of the Gods* is depicted a huge Japanese idol.

The size of the bronze statue of Dai Bouts, the idol in question, here reproduced, is worth recording. The whole body is five jios (about 50ft.) high; the face, 8ft. 6in. in length, and 18ft. in breadth. The shaved part on the top of the head is called *Nik'koku*, and is 9½in. in height, and 2ft. 4½in. in diameter. Each thumb of Dai Bouts is more than 3ft. in circumference.

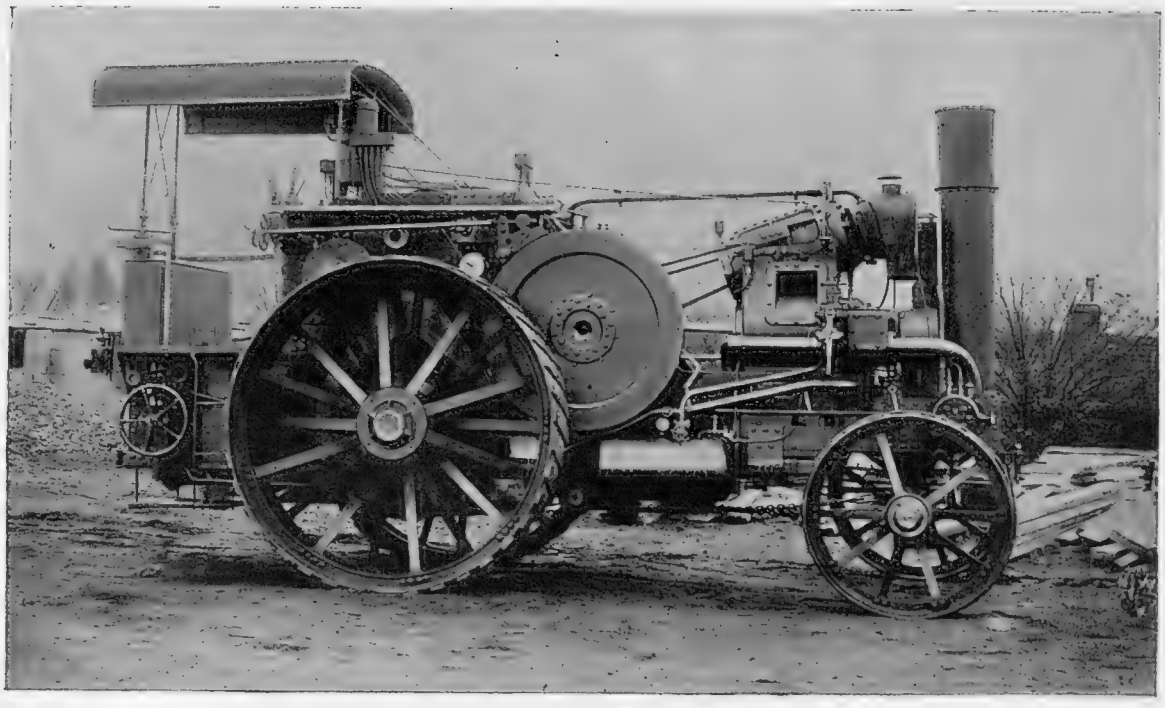
Inside the figure is a temple, in which are numerous gilt images of Buddhist saints, shrines, all wrought with the perfect art of the Japanese workman of old.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

A. C. G. B. and I.

It may be a shock to learn that the Automobile Club is not such an important institution to the ordinary private motorist as might be thought, and certain of its recent proceedings have come in for a good deal of rough criticism, not only in the daily Press, but also in at least two of the well-known trade journals. It would almost seem to have been preferable either to have restricted the membership to manufacturers, dealers, and other professionals, or to have limited it to amateurs and others interested in motor-cars, and so kept it as a social centre for such. At one time the A. C. G. B. and I. used to be responsible for the Motor Exhibition, but now it has not sufficient authority for even this, and it would appear, to a perfectly unprejudiced "affiliated" outsider, that the trade is pulling one way, and the irresponsible amateur (who thinks he knows everything, but doesn't) pulling another. Great good has certainly been effected in the past by sundry "trials," but to run a brand-new car, specially "tuned up" for the purpose, and in the hands of an expert driver, 120 miles a day for a week is not, after all, an extreme test of efficiency. To add a point to this, one may mention that a well-known trade enthusiast took one of his ordinary 4½ h.p. cars, and drove it 100 miles every day for six weeks—fifty days to be accurate—total, 5,000 miles, and not half the fuss was made over it, only a year or two ago. Mixing up light and heavy vehicles into one dismal procession, as was the case in September last, showed some unwisdom. Really, one seems to sigh, and sigh in vain, for the methods of the Cyclist Touring Club, who quietly let makers go their own way and work out their own salvation, attempting and achieving, meanwhile, what was best for cyclists as a body, and publishing a free, outspoken gazette in the

Miss Dorothy Levett in her 12-h.p. Gladiator
Miss Levett is one of the most skilful lady drivers in the Metropolis



A Military Tractor which Gained the War Office Prize of £1,000

interests of the amateur, alongside of which the A. C. Journal does not too favourably compare.

The New Act

As was generally anticipated, nothing much has happened. No millennium has arrived; no one goes any faster, or slower; some cars have numbers, some have not; the police don't seem to trouble about it; and now that the motorphobes have got a halter round the neck of the scorcher, they seem satisfied. As a matter of fact, the whole anti-motor crusade, like most other crusades, has been overdone, and there seems to be a general disposition to bury the hatchet. We are going through the usual phases: "Social Juggernaut" in the summer; now it is, "Oh, do leave the blessed motor-cars alone; I'm sure I'm sick of them."

Gordon-Bennett

In the real motoring world, where people buy motor-cars and use them, instead of merely selling them and talking about them, the Gordon-Bennett race does not bulk so largely as would be imagined by the amount of publicity that is given to it in the Press. What the public, as a body, desire, and what they cannot get at present, is the perfectly satisfactory cheap family conveyance, so just now they are more or less left out in the cold, and this is due to a great exent to the fact that to have something to do with "the great event" is supposed to be the finest advertisement that any maker can possess. Supposing he does not manufacture one of the actually competing vehicles, yet, at any rate, he can turn out something that may have a distant resemblance to it, and this is supposed to be just the thing for Jones in consequence. Jones, in effect, desiderates something entirely different, but at present his wants are unheeded. If Mr. Gordon Bennett had never walked this world of sin and sorrow, there might have been none of this dreary racing against time on freak road-locomotives; probably there would have been no road-hogs to imitate the professional scorchers; no Paris-Madrid race, with its attendant horrors, and therefore no hysterical outcry in Press and Parliament; nothing about the "Social Juggernaut;" no motor-car Bill, with its degrading provisions of numbers and licences for ordinary ladies and gentlemen. The sooner we all get back to common sense in this matter, the greater will be the advantage to all concerned, and if, as is fervently trusted by many, all this sort of nonsense speedily dies its natural death, and the cup is decently interred, so much the better for the real interests of both the trade and the public. In this country a racing car is simply a monstrosity, and, in its headlong career, does more real injury to "the movement" than can possibly be calculated.

Petrol

Petrol, which is the motive-power on which everything depends, has recently shown a slight tendency to cheapen in price. For some time past it has regularly tended to become dearer, and began to approach the, for many people, practically prohibitive limit. It is a great pity that the question of economically produced alcohol has not, for the benefit of our own agriculturists, been brought prominently forward by some politicians in search of a novelty.

War Office £1,000 Prize Won

The Government prize of £1,000 for a military tractor, capable of travelling forty miles an hour, with a gross load of twenty-five tons without renewing fuel or water, has been won by Messrs. R. Hornsby & Sons, of Grantham. The prize engine is constructed on the lines of an ordinary traction engine, and is propelled by oil. Its weight is under thirteen tons, and in a trial it travelled fifty-eight miles without renewal, thereby earning an additional bonus of £180.

C. J. Matson.

Hunting

The New Forest Foxhounds

The New Forest Foxhounds has never been a pack of which frequent eulogies have appeared in sporting periodicals. Not that the average of sport is low; but when in autumn and spring the pleasant environs of Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst are invaded by hosts of hunting folks (with the inevitable reporter in their train), foxhunting is either immature or on the wane, while the chase of the fallow-deer is at its zenith. During the winter months, however, enthusiasts are not wanting who vastly prefer a run after a forest fox to the pursuit of the buck, so that the foxhounds are a thoroughly popular institution, matters having, indeed, improved considerably during the last few years. In seniority the Deer Hunt is left far behind, having barely attained its fiftieth year, while the foxhounds date from 1781. Mr. John Warde was Master from 1808-14, and doubtless Justice, sire of the celebrated Badminton hound, was one of the heroes of the pack during that halcyon period. In 1800, exactly a century before Mr. H. F. Compton, the present Master, came forward, Mr. John Compton was presiding over the adolescent hunt, and in due course there reigned, in his stead, representatives of such families as Nicoll, Codrington, and Wyndham.

The New Forest Deerhounds

Though the New Forest Deer Hunt is no longer the sole rival of the Devon and Somerset in the chase of the wild deer, subsidiary packs in the West, and Mr. Peter Ormrod's and Mr. Gerard's in the North, having raised the complement to seven, it can still claim to be unique. Fallow deer are almost invariably its staple of industry, while, in lieu of the Western practice of kennelling the pack while the tufters do their work, the hounds are in the New Forest coupled together, and led from place to place. Thus the waste of time, which is a trivial matter on Exmoor, but would be disastrous here, is obviated.

Meet of the New Forest Foxhounds

The establishment, on its present basis, of the Deerhounds was mainly due to the efforts of Mr. Francis Lovell, who retired only ten years ago. Since then Mr. E. St. L. Walker and Mr. E. F. Kelly conducted affairs till 1901, when they were succeeded by Mr. C. T. Price, the present Master. The hounds, which have for their capable huntsman H. White, are of the average foxhound size, the debatable theory, that high stature is imperative for galloping over heather, not obtaining in Hampshire.

Impending Changes

During the next week or two there are sure to be announcements of many resignations of masterships, with the usual accompaniments of regret and mournful forebodings as to the future. One or two of the abdications already made public appear to be irrevocable. By Mr. Cockburn's retirement, the Blankney country loses a good sportsman, whose nine seasons have been marked by excellent results. Again, the withdrawal of the Duke of Leeds from the Bedale mastership is most deeply to be deplored, it being understood that a fall, sustained early in November, has proved more serious than it was feared at the time, and has precipitated the decision. Still, on the whole, there do not seem to be any grounds for despondency on the score of probable vacancies; looking, indeed, at the onerous duties and heavy charges entailed by a mastership in any country, the paucity of resignations is, in reality, a matter of congratulation. To put down the increase of expenses in the most carefully managed hunt establishment at twenty-five per cent. in excess of those of twelve years ago is no unfair estimate. Even in such minutiæ as hunting-whips the price has recently risen in that ratio, and, having in view the spirit which at present animates the better-to-do classes, an optimist could scarcely anticipate a possibility of retrenchment as regards our sports and pastimes.

Other Vacancies

The confirmation of the rumour as to Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker's retirement from the Oakley country has given rise to general regret, excellent sport having marked his too brief term of seven years of mastership. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Whitaker's unquestioned ability as a huntsman will not remain unemployed for long. Before these lines are in print, it is more than likely that a new Master of the Oakley will have been appointed, it being understood that quite a long list of candidates is under consideration, including at least one name in which historical appropriateness and general eligibility are happily combined. Another vacancy which is particularly deplorable is reported from the West Somerset Hunt, though here again little difficulty should be experienced in filling the gap. Mr. Wilfred Marshall, who had already gained great popularity in the control of the Taunton Vale, took over the mastership in 1896, and immediately set to work, with characteristic activity, to regenerate the country, the result being that foxes increased to a most remarkable extent, and good runs over all parts of a highly diversified territory have become the rule rather than the exception. The West Somerset hounds have always been noted for working qualities, but Mr. Marshall has improved them enormously, both in appearance and efficiency.

L. J. B.

Mr. C. T. Price, Master of the New Forest Deerhounds

The New Forest Deerhounds: On the way to the Meet

Note the escort of bicycles

The New Forest Deerhounds: Major Dalrymple Dispenses Hospitality

The Hailsham Harriers: Meet on the South Downs, Eastbourne

The Hailsham Harriers

The Hailsham Harriers is a pack which works the neighbourhood about Eastbourne. Our illustrations are from photographs taken recently during a fine run over the South Downs, terminating in a kill at Eastdean. There was a large field in attendance, a considerable portion of which was made up by the boys of St. Andrew's School. Following the lead of their principal, the Rev. E. C. Brown, these sturdy youngsters were in the first flight, and were well represented at the kill.

The Hailsham Harriers: A Wait at Sussex Stone Fences

Showing the boys at St. Andrew's School and their Principal, the Rev. E. C. Brown. The boys are ardent followers

The Hailsham Harriers: Drawing the Open

Fishing

The Father of Fly-Fishing

It is curious that, although many editions of Walton and Cotton's immortal little book have had portraits of Cotton, the best of all—viz., that by Sir Peter Lely—had never been published until I gave it in my Lea and Dove edition of "The Compleat Angler," published in 1888. Charles Cotton must always have a warm place in the heart of the fly-fisher; for it is to him that we owe the first important treatise on the art, which he learned on the beautiful trout and grayling streams of Derbyshire, chiefly on the Dove. His instructions are excellent, not only for fly fishing, but also for spinning and bait fishing for trout and grayling; in fact, he may be called the father of clear-water upstream worm fishing, as well as of fly fishing. I am glad to say that last week Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Cottingham, near Hull, published an admirable selection of Cotton's poems, in a limited edition, at 2s. There is plenty of verse about angling, but not much poetry, and among the best are certainly Cotton's verses addressed to his "dear and most worthy friend, Izaak Walton." Here are two or three verses, and one of them proves that Walton was a fly-fisher also, and not only a bait fisher, as some have imagined:

A Kill on the Downs: "St. Andrews" in a full Contingent, are in at the Death

A Fight Between an Octopus and a Crab
Lent by kind permission of the "Amateur Photographer"

From Cotton's Invitation to Walton to Fish with Him in May.

Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
  Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
  Has been of many years before.

In this estate, I say, it is
  Some comfort for us to suppose,
That, in a better clime than this,
  You, our dear friend, have more repose.

If the All-ruling Power please
  We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
  Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
  Perhaps a week, in which to try,
What the best Master's hand can do
  With the most deadly killing fly.

Angler and Royalist

Cotton was a Royalist, and was held in much esteem by many persons of rank and repute in his time; his cousin was Sir Aston Cocayne, Bart., of Pooley, in Warwickshire, and Ashbourne-under-Peak, and he was well known to the noted poets and wits of his day, including Alexander Broome and Lovelace—indeed, it is pleasant to know that, when Lovelace was dying in a mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane, London, his brother poet sent him money every Monday for months, and was never repaid—probably, never expected to be. It is a pity that so much of Cotton's verse is licentious; in those days, people thought nothing of calling a spade a spade; certainly, Cotton did not. I think, however, that some things attributed to him were probably invented after his death. He was a most keen and clever angler, and many of his instructions have been but little improved upon, even to the present day.

A Battle Royal

Mr. T. Martin Duncan's picture of a fight between an octopus and a crab is one of the best photographs of aquarium life that I have ever seen. It appears, with an interesting little article by him, in the *Amateur Photographer*, edited by Mr. Horsley Hinton, who kindly allows us permission to reproduce it. The octopus is one of the most horribly fascinating of all the monsters of the deep; everyone who has read Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" will remember the scenes in which the octopus, or devil fish, plays its silent, terrible part. Fortunately, such monsters are not very common; but of late years millions of small fellows have infested the English Channel, doing great damage to some of our fisheries, and for a time destroying the crab and lobster fisheries on the French coast. It might be thought that the well-protected lobster and crab would always win in a battle with the soft octopus, but the reverse is the case. What a troublesome sitter the octopus is will be seen from what Mr. F. Martin says:—"When very hungry, the octopus will attack a crab or lobster of considerable size, and a battle royal ensues, the octopus nearly always winning the victory and devouring his vanquished foe. Such a duel *à la mort* it is rarely possible to photograph, as the octopus, if his foe is on the defensive, will discharge his ink almost directly he comes into touch with his adversary. As the octopus changes colour so as to harmonise with his environment, and the gradations of tone are very delicate, a rapid isochromatic plate will be found desirable if the best results are to be obtained." The cuttle-fish is a large family, and is found all over the world. Some have been killed on the American coast with arms nearly twenty feet in length, easily capable of pulling down a boat.

R. B. M.

Wilfred Cotton, the "Father of Fly Fishing"
After the Painting by Sir Peter Lely

From the drawing by A. J. Wall

"Teal"

Mr. John Ball, Jun.

It savours almost of impertinence to be writing about Mr. John Ball at this time of day, for there are few golfers living whose feats and victories have been more frequently celebrated in golfing story than his. His name is practically a household word in golf, and you have only to mention it, and watch the interested and kindly look which the name immediately evokes, to know that you are speaking of one whom the whole world of golf holds in affectionate esteem.

Open and Amateur Champion in the Same Year

It would take more space than my editor could spare me to enumerate all the doughty deeds by which Mr. Ball has rendered himself immortal in golfing annals. To him belongs the unique distinction of having been Amateur and Open Champion in the same year. Mr. Ball's *annus mirabilis* was 1890, when he won the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in May, and the Open Championship in September at Prestwick.

Andrew Kirkcaldy's Remark about Mr. Ball's Play

I remember asking Andrew Kirkcaldy, who had just returned from the Championship Meeting at Prestwick to St. Andrews, what he thought of Mr. Ball's play. "Yon's not a man," quoth Andrew, "he's just a machine." Those who have watched Mr. Ball, when playing in his best form, will appreciate the justice of Andrew's observation. There is, indeed, something of the remorseless accuracy of the machine, but of what a graceful machine! There is no player with a more delightful and finished style than Mr. Ball. It is the perfection of properly applied power; there is no hesitation or perplexity; the player comes to the ball, and, without waste of time, executes the necessary shot, and proceeds on with that peculiar gait which "Spy," of *Vanity Fair*, has so well caught in his cartoon portrait of Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball's worst enemy, if such a person as an enemy exists, cannot accuse him of the *cacoëthes loquendi*. I have heard it said that during the Amateur Championship of 1895, at which time poor Freddy Tait was coming very prominently into notice, one of the few remarks the subject of our notice made was at the finish of the match, in the semi-final, when he had beaten Tait. Mr. Ball was then heard gently to say, "I came up to St. Andrews for one purpose, and, I have succeeded," after which he relapsed into his usual urbane taciturnity.

Mr. Ball's Putting at Muirfield

I would call particular attention to the manner in which Mr. Ball is holding his putter in the illustration we publish to-day, the right hand covering the left. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the interlocked Vardon-Taylor grip. I can only imagine that, just previous to the Championship Meeting, Mr. Ball must have been going through a very trying time of bad putting, and that this grip of his was resorted to as a refuge from despair. It did not help his putting much at Muirfield, and I trust that, by this time, he has reverted to saner methods. This matter of putting forms the vulnerable heel of our golfing Achilles. Sometimes, like uncertain putters, he has wonderful days, but when he is bad, he is like the little girl, he is horrid. Is it

Amateur Championship, 1903

Mr. John Ball putting in the match, in which he was defeated by Mr. Angus McDonald

Amateur Championship at Muirfield, 1903
Mr. L. Balfour-Melville driving

not on record that on the last occasion when he won the Amateur Championship, in 1899, he was seen, after the morning round in the final, being instructed how to hole short putts by Mr. Hilton, with manifestly good results in the afternoon? But whoever meets John Ball in a big tournament has got to do very good work to come out on top, and will never play against a more considerate, courteous, or sportsman-like opponent.

Let us hope that we all may see him in his very best form at Sandwich this year, and that he may add yet another trophy to the long list already gained.

Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville

If genius be the capacity for taking infinite pains, then Mr. Balfour-Melville certainly has genius at golf. To watch him play is to gain a very fine lesson in patience, for he

Mr. Eric Hambro Putting
Mr. Hambro is in the front rank of Parliamentary golfers

The New Club Invented by Mr. Brewster
Recently tried at Hayling Island Golf Club

seems to leave nothing to chance; every detail of stance, distance, and direction is studied with care, and the resultant shot seems to be the outcome of concentrated study. His style is not the lithe and graceful style of Mr. Ball; it is more deliberate and muscular. As you watch Mr. Balfour-Melville making a shot you feel that every ounce of well-trained muscle is being applied, and you have no need to feel his arms to make sure that he is as hard as nails.

His Long Record as a First Class Golfer

As golfing time goes, Mr. Balfour-Melville is a veteran; his record of successes spreads now over a period of thirty years, for he won his first medal at St. Andrews, in 1874. No other player of the present day has remained so long in the front rank of players. Not till 1895, at St. Andrews, did Mr. Balfour-Melville succeed in winning the blue riband of amateur golf; and what a tussle he had to go through before he came out winner! In three matches of that memorable tournament he had to go to the nineteenth hole to win his match, and in each case the burn proved fatal to his adversary. To have come successfully through such a series of nerve-shaking encounters proves that Mr. Balfour-Melville possesses the steely nerves and dour pluck necessary for success in the domain of sport. Like Mr. Ball, Mr. Melville's *bête noire* is his putting. But when he is "on his putting" there is no more difficult opponent to beat, and he generally renders a very good account of himself in any big competition, or when pitted against a strong player of the younger school. He is not yet a grandfather like Mr. Hutchings, but he has a son at Oxford, who bids fair to follow in his father's footsteps in proficiency in games.

A Great All-Round Sportsman

Besides being a great golfer, my old friend also holds a fine record as one of Scotland's best cricketers and lawn-tennis players. In fine, we may hold him not unworthy of the title of an Admirable Crichton in the realms of sport; long may he continue to retain his golfing form and serve, with his ripe experience, the best interests of golf in the councils of the game!

Hayling Island Golf Links

Mr. Eric Hambro

Mr. Eric Hambro is, without doubt, the best golfer in Parliament, a fact sufficiently shown by his penalty handicap in the Parliamentary tournament. He is one of the few first-class golfers produced by the Sandwich course. He is a mighty hard hitter, and, as he is a veritable Anak in stature, it is a fine sight to watch him "let out" at his tee shots. He is the very antithesis of Mr. Balfour-Melville. He never seems to trouble about his shots, or to take any exceptional care. Many, indeed, say that his play would be much improved by the infusion of a dash of care and caution. But his is a fine, free style to watch, and, for my own part, I must say that the reckless, slap-bang, happy-go-lucky style, the incarnation of devil-may-care youth, is very fascinating to behold, and Mr. Hambro's style is the very embodiment of those qualities. Needless to say, when things are going right, Mr. Hambro is practically irresistible. In some such vein as this he won the St. George's Challenge Cup at Sandwich in 1897, and in all competitions on that course he is a force to be reckoned with. He will be a dangerous opponent in May at Sandwich, and if his parliamentary duties permit of his keeping in practice, he will probably be found disposing of one or two fancied opponents before the meeting is over.

Mr. Brewster's New Club

There has been some talk lately about a new club invented by Mr. Brewster, and tried at Hayling Island. From a photograph of a club which has been in my possession about twelve years, it will be seen that Mr. Brewster's invention is only a modification of an old idea of Sir Walter Dalrymple's, whose hammerheaded clubs were the subject of much discussion in 1892 at North Berwick. Sir Walter's idea was to provide a set of clubs out of about four clubs. The club here photographed serves as a cleek on one side and an iron on the other. Similarly, one club provided driver and brassie, another mashie and niblick, while the putter was mated with, I forget what. Mr. Brewster's club has no second face, but ends in a point behind, but I should think that, for all practical purposes, it is made on much the same principles as the one I have dug out of my museum of historical veterans for purposes of comparison.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Hammerheaded Club
Invented by Sir Walter Dalrymple in 1892

Hayling Island Golf Club

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL

England takes the Field

A Line Out

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL MATCH OF THE SEASON, ENGLAND v. WALES AT LEICESTER, WHICH ENDED IN A DRAW (14 POINTS EACH)

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL

H. T Gamlin (England) takes the Kick

Getting the Ball out of a Scrum

ENGLAND v. WALES AT LEICESTER : INCIDENTS OF THE PLAY

Court Theatre

"THE QUESTION."

John Strange Winter as Playwright

The lady who uses the masculine pseudonym of John Strange Winter is probably the most popular railway novelist of the day. Her books, with the scarlet and tightly dressed up cavalry officer on the cover, find a perpetual sale on Smith's bookstalls, even though they may not find a permanent place on many library shelves. The reason for this constant if always ephemeral success is not difficult to find. The authoress has discovered the recipe that pleases, and, like a thrifty and judicious caterer, she does not vary it. Her novels, although they are all much like one another—or because they are like one another—invariably satisfy the non-exacting tastes of her public; for this public likes the formula itself more than any variations upon it, and with John Strange Winter the formula never varies. Anyone who buys her books knows what he (or generally she) wants, and can rest quite assured it will be there. It is conventional, but its very conventionality is its attraction.

By adapting the same sound journeyman principles to the theatre, it is no less possible to secure the same constant stream of easy success. The theatre-going, like the novel-reading, public is hopelessly conservative—indeed, it is far more conservative; for the part of the novel-reading public which is satisfied with cheap conventionality, although it is certainly large, does not represent nearly so great a portion of the whole as that portion of the theatre public which likes cheap theatricals. Among novel readers there is a large public for good work. Among theatre-goers, although there certainly is also such a public, it is a very small one.

There is no reason, therefore, why John Strange Winter should not become as successful a playwright as she is a novelist. In the production at the Court Theatre, on Saturday night, she shows that, setting aside any artistic ambitions or ideals, she is going the right way about it. She troubles herself little with reality of character, with originality of incident, or even with circumstantial probability of plot; she is quite right, for the big public care little for these things; she goes frankly for theatrical effectiveness on well-tried, if also well-worn lines; and if she does not get it quite all through the play she certainly gets it now and then, and, doubtless, sufficiently to

Scene from "The Question," Act I

EFFIE MCKENZIE — Miss Gwendolen Floyd
PROFESSOR KINTZ — Mr. Hermann Vezin
MARGARET NORTH — Miss Kate Rorke

attract her *clientèle*. But one thing which she does in her novels she has not done in her play; she has given it no John Strange Winter hall-mark. In her books, although they are all much alike—they are conventional novels in essence—there is a superficial quality which is personal to the authoress. The formula may be a very old one, but it is always stated in John Strange Winter terms; the John Strange Winter officer, and the John Strange Winter girl, although they are thin little types enough, are, at any rate, types of John Strange Winter's own invention. In *The Question* she has been satisfied with the types invented by other people. There is no reason why she should not use the familiar situations of the handsome aristocrat leading a double life; the trusting lady, who thinks she has a marriage certificate, but which turns out to be worthless; the tell-tale cigarette case with a peculiar ornament, which serves as the important piece of evidence in the plot; the inevitable meeting, in the second act, of people who are, apparently, parted for ever in the first; and the death, at the end of the play, of the inconvenient wife propped up against sofa cushions, in order that the handsome aristocrat may be free to marry the lady whose trust he has abused. The public likes to see these old friends again, and John Strange Winter is quite right to pin her faith to them; but she should not have made the handsome aristocrat a Russian diplomatist and called him Prince Dolgouroff; she should not have made the heroine keep her marriage certificate in a china cupboard containing nothing else; she should not have made the proud and vengeful Princess a victim of morphia, and she might have thought of something more inventive to bring her characters together than a simple country house-party. In *Bootle's Baby*, the pretty puppets of John Strange Winter's military society were transferred to the stage with great success, and in writing more drawing-room melodramas, one would advise her to translate the familiar situations into the same terms. Prince Dolgouroff should have been an officer in the Guards, with a closely-fitting mess jacket; Margaret North should have been the daughter of a country clergyman; the characters, instead of coming in from driving across the Scottish moor, should have been returning from polo or gymkhana; and the disdainful Princess should, of course, have been the Colonel's wife. As it is, I fear that there may be some trustful ladies who will go to the Court Theatre hoping to see upon the stage the immaculate soldiers to whom John Strange Winter has accustomed them in her novels; and she has made rather a mistake in disappointing them.

The piece, however, is quite effective in its very conventional way, and it is, on the whole, very admirably acted. There is one scene, in the first act, between Miss Kate Rorke, as the trusting lady with the marriage certificate, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, as an old professor, who translates it from the Russian, and breaks the news to her that it is not a marriage certificate at all—a scene which is played by both interpreters with a masterly and a restrained emotional force, which made it alone worth going to the theatre to see. Miss Margaret Halstan, too, acted a not very interesting death-scene at the end of the play with distinction and really convincing distress. Miss Gwendolen Floyd, taking up a secondary part at short notice, acted it with admirable discretion and made it more interesting than the author had left it. Mr. Edward O'Neill was effective, if not obviously irresistible, as the Russian diplomatist (a diplomatist whose mental capacity was surely not quite up to the level of what we have been accustomed to expect from the representatives of that Power). Mr. Charles Rock was excellent and really Scotch as a kilted laird, while Mr. John Cabourn was good, though not Scotch at all, as another. Mr. Titheradge, an always natural actor, made the best of the part of a rather tiresome doctor.

Scene from "Bohémos" at the Court Theatre

Leonida	Bohemos	Peruvone
Miss Thirza Norman	Mr. Chas. Lander	Mr. Will Dennis

"BOHÉMOS"

The Question is preceded by a one-act play, adapted by Mr. John Davidson, from the French of M. Miguel Zamacois. *Bohémos*, as played in French by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, was a very airy little piece of extravagant burlesque. The English adaptor and the English actors make the mistake of taking it seriously; and, therefore, although it is admirably played from that point of view, the original intention of the trifle is rather destroyed. Mr. Charles Lander, however, is convincingly romantic; Mrs. J. H. Leigh quite prettily so, and Mr. Will Dennis genuinely humorous.

P. C.

THE WORLD OF ART

Concerning the Old Masters at the Royal Academy

This is a Lawrence year at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy; but it is a good year in several other things besides. There is an interesting, but not very full, attempt to illustrate the achievement in sculpture of the two dead Academicians, Harry Bates and Onslow Ford; so that it comes about that the exquisite art of these fine artists is somewhat unfairly pitted against the very good collection of Italian bronzes of the fourteen and fifteen hundreds—statuettes beautifully modelled, wonderful door-knockers and caskets, and the like. Vandyke is handsomely represented; there is a fine Rembrandt, and a fine Velasquez, from Buckingham Palace; whilst Canaletto's "Verona" stands out as one of his most superb designs. But it is to Lawrence that the chief interest of the show is due; and Lawrence here has full justice done to his powers—and to his defects.

It is a severe test of an artist's strength to set his works side by side at an exhibition such as this, where are fine examples of the world's masters; there is a tendency to force up into notice the tricks of his craft, and to give a sense of monotony in his methods and of sameness in his aims. Perhaps no man suffered such severe trial as Millais; and now Lawrence has to go through the fire of this severe test, with a far more monotonous *technique*, yet, on the whole, he comes out well from the business; though his sentimentality (note the die-away look of his sitter's eyes) is rendered almost irritatingly persistent, on the other hand his large qualities of paint and handling and his breadth of treatment are also impressively accentuated. His great masterpiece of "Miss Farren," she who afterwards married Lord Derby, stands out as a superb achievement in masterly paint, in grace of pose, in suggestion of dainty womanhood, and in charm of arrangement. The paint is strongly laid down, it is vigorous and absolute, and it gives, with extraordinary delicacy, in spite of its virile workmanship, a dainty sense of femininity which is very exquisite. I have always admired the well-known engraving; but this is the first time I have seen the painting, and its remarkable excellence was a positive revelation to me of Lawrence's strength.

Here, too, may be seen several of the other works which gained for Sir Thomas Lawrence his reputation in France—the French have always placed Lawrence and Constable, and Bonnington, far higher than we do; there is his "Master Lambton," his great boy portrait; there are also his "Pope Pius VII.," his "Cardinal Consalvi," the "Georgina Countess Bathurst," and the "Diana Countess of Normanton;" the well-known and much engraved "Countess Gower and Child" is here also; and the "Honourable Mrs. Seymour Bathurst." Among the fine men's portraits, we have, "Sir Robert Dundas," the "Marquis of Bath," "Lord Ribblesdale," the "Hon. Berkeley Thomas Paget," and the well-known "Mr. Benjamin Gott." It is of interest to compare Lawrence's "Lady Hamilton"—nay, it is inevitable—with one's memories of Romney's beautiful masterpieces inspired by the same strange, beautiful woman, who began life as a servant-maid, and ended it as the mistress of England's greatest admiral. The thing that will strike the pensive onlooker most prominently, as he gazes at this portrait of Lawrence's, is that Romney must have seen her glorious hair, red through a lover's eyes, or that Lawrence must have seen her locks through a colder, if not something of a dullard's, vision.

The last room, always a pathetic room at the Old-Masters' Winter Show, holds examples of the work of the lately dead Academicians—Horsley, Sydney Cooper, and Wells. They were not the greatest of the men who have brought honour to the national Immortals; and perhaps the kindest thing to remember about the room this year is Horace's wise and generous old saw, "Concerning the dead, nothing but good." Horsley was a keen worker for these great winter shows; and Sydney Cooper's middle period gave us some fine cattle pieces. And they are dead and gone. Let them rest in peace. The fads, and crazes, and torments of the schools, and the loud-voiced fashions, will reach them no more, nor disturb them a whit. After all, they gave all they had to give.

HAL DANE.

Art Gossip

The London County Council are to be congratulated on the work done by their School of Photo-engraving and Lithography, at 6, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, for the encouragement of young apprentices in the bookmaking and illustrating trades. The half-tone block, made by the students of this school, from Chaplin's well-known painting, "La Jeune Fille," shows a grip over the subtleties of tone production almost undreamt of ten years' ago, and

Mis Farren

From an engraving of the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence: a famous picture now on view at the Royal Academy

Chaplin's "La Jeune Fille"

This half-tone block was made by the students of the London County Council's School of Photo-engraving and Lithography

that Mr. Newton's keenness and enthusiasm are well placed. It is impossible to leave the school without a word of praise for Mr. Rea, the master of drawing, who has nursed into achievement the talents of such a fine lithographer as Mr. Jackson, and coaxed into artistic expression the imagination of such clever young fellows as Mr. Cox.

There have been some remarkably fine additions to the South Kensington Museum of late, a public institution that, for courtesy and helpfulness is a model to the State (British Museum please copy): a plaster cast of the marble figure taken from the Tiber in 1891, and now known as the "Apollo delle Terme"; and a copy of the exquisite statue that is, unfortunately, headless, found at Subiaco in 1883; the furniture and woodwork section is enriched by some carved oak from the Rhine, done in the early fifteen hundreds; to the generosity of Mr. Fitzhenry is owed the collection of armorial Gothic tiles; to Mr. Marling, the British agent at Sofia, is due the Chinese glazed earthenware vase painted for Shah Abbas II.; the pewter work, so all pewter collectors will be delighted to know, has been completely arranged, and the English work separated from the foreign; and, what will interest art lovers most, there is a show of selected drawings from the work of Leech, Charles Keene, Millais, Mahoney, Lawson, "Phiz," Barnard, George Du Maurier, and Randolph Caldecott, placed side by side with their reproduced work and its method of reproduction, which are of the deepest interest to all who care for the splendid achievement of these men in the art of illustration—an art which brought out the master gifts of nearly every great artist of the eighteen hundreds.

Mr. Norman Garstin is showing a number of water-colours, which he entitles "In Border Land," being scenes in Normandy and Brittany, and in Holland, at the Fine Art Society's, in Bond Street.

I quite agree with an indignant correspondent in one of our contemporaries that the absence of a rule forbidding the public to go into the National Gallery with sticks and umbrellas is a mistake. It may work well for months, for years, but the inevitable vulgarian will dig his stick into a masterpiece — and, after all, the giving up of one's stick is not such a serious trouble, when all is said. However, the rule is cancelled, and there's an end of it.

Lovers of the art of William Blake may be glad to be reminded that there is a show of his work at Messrs. Carfax's, in Ryder Street, St. James's.

Our Supplement this week gives Phil May's estimate of the outer man of the Right Honourable Henry Chaplin, P.C., J.P., D.L., by the votes of his constituents Conservative Member of the House of Commons for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, but by his own talents and personality, representing the agricultural interest in the House. He was one of the most enthusiastic of protectionists—before Mr. Chamberlain. He has held high office in the State, and has come to be looked upon as an essential part of the Tory government. He married Florence, daugher of the third Duke of Sutherland, who left him a widower more than twenty years ago. He is an old Harrow boy. His well-marked features have made him a favourite subject for the caricaturist's pencil; but rarely has a happier drawing been seen of him than this of Phil May's.

H. D.

The Connoisseur.

Wedgwood of the Eighteenth Century

"Amende honorable"

Having dismissed the art of English ceramics generally, as, decoratively speaking, a failure, we hope, from time to time, to point to particular cases which are worthy the consideration of the connoisseur. To begin with, we should like to make some *amende* in regard to eighteenth century Wedgwood—which is, by the way, reproduced with excellent effect at this day by the company that carries on the traditions of the founder. There can be no doubt that the enormous quantity of work of the Burslem potter, who began his labours in 1759, and made, firstly, the cream-coloured, light ware that Queen Charlotte admired and used, gave the tone to much ceramic work of this country.

Classic Designs

But as regards design, and apart from the extremely interesting technical qualities of this work, his successes lay very largely in reproduction of classical ornament. Notwithstanding many very decorative and useful domestic classes of production, it is quite fair to say that the more nearly Josiah Wedgwood, and the graceful, sentimental and gifted Flaxman approximated to the antique, the more easily their productions withstand the acid action of critical time. This only goes to prove that our national taste in regard to the decoration requires large loans from the past, or from Oriental sources, before it can effect any highly satisfying result.

The Portland Vase Abused

Although we feel that, in the technically wonderful reproductions of the Portland, or Barberini vase, Wedgwood's usually pleasing classic taste was perverted by this famous and historical piece, he was caused to give to its reproduction time, and labour, and skill, that might, we believe, have been better employed in more original work. It is, we know, in contradiction of the opinions of the *cognoscenti*, but to us the Portland vase, now in the Gold room of the British Museum, is, of course, intensely interesting but of utterly unworthy proportions, and, if one may say, so, ineffective design. Wedgwood himself produced many more satisfying vases than this one, for which he was prepared to pay a lavish price, and on the reproduction of which he spent so much time; but at least he was on the side of classicism, and the enemy of the painted picture as applied to pottery. Of all the work of the eighteenth century, Wedgwood pottery especially has helped to carry on the antique light, and among many crude and unlovely things still shows with uncommon radiance. Although much of the beauty of the portrait medallions and classical plaques, and many of the fine technical qualities of the basalts, jasper, agate, white porcelain, biscuit, bamboo, and mortar ware were directly owing to the gifts and artistic skill of the great founder of the house, his successors have devoted themselves to the art of ceramics with excellent results, and many delightful designs have been produced and widely circulated by them. Judged by British or European standards, this factory has had many splendid successes, from its beginning until the present day.

Oak French Gothic Cabinet with Mythical Figures

Renaissance Cabinets

Cassones

Among the furniture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the cassones, coffres, credences, dressoirs, and cabinets, the last are, perhaps, of the greatest interest. In France, Italy, and Spain the most brilliant workmanship was lavished on these pieces, with the result that, among the connoisseurs of to-day, those specimens which remain are ardently sought for. The three examples we give are from the galleries of Messrs. Warings, in Oxford-street, and are chosen from among very many splendid specimens, to show something of the gradual evolution, from the sometimes rather crude humours of the Gothic ornament through Cinquecento decoration, until the final word of the neo-classic style was reached.

The Gothic Feeling

The Gothic piece, in the first illustration, is full of the character of its time. The half-man, half-merman, and the maiden with the human heart,

Cinquecento Credence

have some story to tell, as, no doubt, have also the symbolic and semi-human animals on the lower panels; but their legend is lost in the grey mysteries of many Gothic things. The carving is, throughout, in wonderful condition, and, apart from its historic value, its geometrical outlines and tracery give a highly decorative result. With the Cinquecento credence of the above picture we have passed into a new era.

A Cabinet of Henri Deux

The Spirit of Renaissance

These geometrical and natural forms are combined in one extremely decorative whole. The heads are doubtless portraits of the first owners of this remarkable piece, to whose taste and encouragement of the art of cabinet work we owe our thanks at the present time.

French neo-Classicism

In the Henri Deux cabinet of the accompanying picture, we have a beautiful example of sixteenth century work. The inlay is of Polish marble, perhaps the earliest form of marquetry ever employed in Europe, although, of course, stones and metals were used in this way in the East for many centuries. The doors are delicately carven, oval medallions of the seasons, and the ornament throughout is admirably typical of its period. The three cabinets together tell, in the shortest and most interesting way possible, the whole history of the development of this particular class of work during the Renaissance; each time will find its own particular admirers, but there is little doubt, in our mind, that the highest point of æsthetic value was reached in the rich but lasting beauty of the Cinquecento.

E. M.

"From a Club Window"

ENGLAND AS A BURIED TREASURE ISLAND

A Dumping Ground for Tin Lids

No one that we have the privilege of claiming acquaintanceship with seems to have had the good fortune to alight upon one of the *Weekly Dispatch* discs, worth £50, "which amount will be paid in cash to the finder, on presentation to our cashier." It is true that certain persons spent their hard-earned leisure in digging up possible "discs" in the shape of anything, from a cartwheel downwards. It is said that the amount of scrap-iron deposited with the cashier of the *Weekly Dispatch* has been so great that it has been necessary to hire a number of carts to carry the "discs" (such a vague-meaning word) away again. In other words, Mr. Harmsworth's latest purchase has become the dumping ground of all who have tin lids and other superfluous material that they cannot otherwise dispose of. Such is the irony of fate! That Mr. Harmsworth, who for the last two or three months has been the trenchant champion of Protection, and upon whose heart, we opine, the word "dump" is, no doubt, engraved, should himself be the victim of dumping! And old tins, too! Dear, Dear!

Digging a Public Danger

But, though no one we know personally has been able to claim a portion of the £1,000 (divided into sums of £50, buried surreptitiously in different parts of London), a man invaded the editorial precincts the other day, and, in a voice choked with emotion and excitement, inquired where the office of the *Weekly Dispatch* was situated. He then informed all and sundry that the previous night he had dreamed of a person whose pockets bulged with discs (worth £50 apiece) starting out under cover of night, alone, slinking like a criminal apprehending arrest, and hiding the said discs, one by one, in the different districts of London. Needless to add that the visitor dug each one up immediately after, and presented the lot for payment next day. An optimistic dream. The outcome of it was that this enterprising gentleman intended to wait outside the *Weekly Dispatch* publishing office, purchase the first copy issued, at 2 a.m. on the Sunday morning, gather from it the clues, and then, like a ghoul, disinter all and every part of London while its inhabitants were blissfully dreaming. We do not know whether he discovered any discs, but we do know that such conduct, if carried to any length, would undermine the safety of the foundations of the first city of the empire. We pass this information on gratuitously to the authorities, who will, perhaps, agree with us that any wholesale digging for buried discs is detrimental to the public safety.

Mr. Stead's Publicity Methods

Meantime, Mr. Stead, instead of seeking the bowels of the earth as a means of advertisement, has had recourse to the skies. Balloons, we learn, fire bombs, in which are contained orders for various sums, from a shilling up to five pounds. In these schemes of advertisement, not one word, you will observe, is suggested as to the merits of the properties themselves. Because the *Weekly Dispatch* buries discs worth £50, and the *Daily Paper*—Mr Stead's nondescript title for his new daily—flings money from Heaven, they are but appealing to the cupidity of those persons who would not otherwise buy their papers, or to the want of those who, except for a hope of making money by any means other than by honest labour, could not afford them. Indeed, such methods savour of but little faith on the part of the owners in the intrinsic value of their publications; and the public are not slow to appreciate this. If you must offer bribes of large sums of money to people to read your paper, it is obvious that in itself it does not offer the value asked for it. It is, in the long run, a shallow policy, based, as it is, on a belief that everyone is inspired with sordid ideas. It may sell a few numbers as a start; but the paper will have a queer character from the commencement.

A Dark Conspiracy of Tailors

It has come. There is to be a revolt against the dress suit. And after all, why not? Think what a loss a want of a new fashion means to the tailor. Instead of two new suits a year most men contrive to get along with one new dress suit in two years. So the *Tailor and Cutter* has hit on a brilliant suggestion. Twelve dandies are wanted to lead a dress reform movement in the West End. They must move, we are told, in the best circles; they must be good looking and possessed of good figures; and they must have the courage of the man who first carried an umbrella. We should think so; for the idea is to attire these "dandies" in pale blue or mauve dress coats. Again we ask, Why not? Indeed, there is no particular reason why they should not attire themselves like flunkeys if they wish. Let them take to blue velvet suits and scarlet silk stockings if it please them. But we see through the *Tailor and Cutter's* little game, and we hasten to warn our male readers. Anything to force unhappy men to their tailors. Don't you go, gentlemen. If you must spend money at your tailor's, order a new rainproof overcoat, in anticipation of a wet summer, and then, being all in readiness, it will probably turn out a fine one. CLUBBITE.

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Chappell Ballad Concerts

There is a pleasing custom which seems to be coming into vogue at these concerts, namely, the asking of composers to attend and accompany their own songs. Thus, at the recent "ballad," Miss Teresa del Riego officiated at the pianoforte whilst Miss Muriel Foster sang two new songs by the former; and, later on in the programme, Mr. Herbert Bunning played the accompaniments to his own two songs for Mr. Ben Davies. There are one or two reasons why this custom ought to prove acceptable. In the first place, the song is more likely to get rendered in accordance with the composer's intentions; and, secondly, it reminds audiences of a fact they too frequently forget, that someone else, besides the singer, is entitled to recognition and applause. It is somewhat unavoidable, I suppose, but one cannot help sometimes thinking it is a pity that a second rate performer usually gets a great deal more attention from the public than the greatest of composers can ever hope to obtain. Another welcome feature at these concerts is the providing of such excellent instrumentalists. At this last concert, Dohnányi, who can certainly rank in the first dozen of living pianists, charmed the audience with some delightful playing. What strikes one most in his performance is the exquisite delicacy of touch and tone he possesses, points which were finely illustrated in Schumann's Romance in F sharp major; and Dohnányi has *technique*, too, although he will never display it for his own sake. Another pianist very similar to Dohnányi is Joseph Hofmann; there is the same delightful delicacy of playing and poetic conception, and my advice to my readers is to hear both these pianists if they have not already done so.

Quaint Old French Songs

At the recent Broadwood concert, when, as usual, an excellent evening's music was provided, two delightful little eighteenth century *bergerettes*, sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes, attracted my attention. The first one was surprisingly modern in feeling and construction; the second one, however, is more in accord with its own time, and, possibly because of that fact, is much more taking.

Joachim and Franz von Vecsey, the new Boy Violinist, who is to Appear in England after a Succession of Triumphs on the Continent

Concerning String Quartets

There were two string quartets played by the Cathie Quartet at the Broadwood concert mentioned above. The first was Haydn's charming G minor, the other being the work of Mr. J. B. McEwen. The greatest fault of Mr. McEwen's composition—which, however, has more to commend it than any quartet produced lately—is its unoriginal character. The composer seems to have imitated various masters in turn; in particular, a Wagnerian progression (rhythm and harmony being identical) attracted my attention every time it came. It seems to me that English composers of string quartets will never do anything until they leave off imitating those who have gone before them in this particular branch of the art. Brahms exploited thoroughly the classical quartet built up by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, but I do not think there is any possible development of the quartet from the point where Brahms left it, for the reason that this composer's work was so purely personal.

Photo by *Russell*

The Late Mme. Antoinette Sterling

The famous ballad singer for whom many classical English songs were specially written

Another Hungarian Prodigy

The world is getting rather tired of prodigies, but I fancy that little Franz von Vecsey, the juvenile violinist from Budapest, will astonish a jaded musical public when Mr. Schulz-Curtius brings him over here, as he intends to do shortly. Joachim has been much taken with the little fellow, and the two, as may be judged from our portrait, are constantly together. The boy has appeared with marvellous success in Budapest, Vienna and Berlin, and has been warmly praised by such musicians as D'Albert and Willy Burmester.

The Popular Concerts

The first two concerts of the series held since Christmas have been much better attended than was the case earlier in the season. The Kruse Quartet played Beethoven's B flat quartet at the Saturday concert, at which Herr and Frau von Dulong sang duets in most artistic fashion. On Monday night Villiers Stanford's string quintet was given, a work which is one of the best things written by this composer. H. J. C.

The Toilet Table

Judging from many portraits, photographers, as well as others, attach great importance to the teeth, and, indeed, it behoves every woman to take special care of these indispensable adjuncts to a perfect beauty. No woman with pretty teeth can be entirely ugly, and no woman with ugly teeth can be entirely pretty, and this is a well-known fact which need not be dwelt upon.

A well-known dentist has often said that to keep the teeth in good condition they should be brushed every night with a preparation of camphorated chalk, which is to be had at all chemists'. However, no doubt your own special dentist has his own special powder, and will give you a prescription for it. For general use I would recommend Calvert's tooth powder, or Cherry tooth paste, both being pleasing to the taste and cleansing to the teeth.

Care should be taken to have your teeth attended to immediately they begin to annoy you in any way, and not to let them go on annoying you so that they become really bad. Of course, many people say that a visit to the dentist to have the teeth stopped is most unpleasant; but a visit to the dentist for false teeth is even more so, and this is what generally results from carelessness and want of attention to your teeth.

It is an exploded fallacy that too much sweet-eating is bad for the teeth, and I was told by a dentist the other day that he allowed his children to eat as many sweets as they liked. Of course, if the teeth have begun to be bad, sweet-eating will not improve them; but, if there is nothing really the matter with them, there is no reason why sweets should prove more injurious to their well-being than any other eatable.

Another dentifrice that I call to mind while writing about sweets is salt. Many people swear by it; and then, again, one finds many people use soot, and declare that excellent results accrue from it.

To thoroughly cleanse the teeth a curved tooth brush should be used, which will encircle the back teeth as well as the front; but, remember, this operation should be repeated every night as well as morning; indeed, by those who are very fastidious, it is performed after every meal. N

Flounces and Fashion

Our hats, perforce, remain our crowning point; indeed, it cannot be helped; so the smart woman should be especially advised to see that her hat be of that shape and detail which will most effectually complete the whole of her costume.

At the sales many have, no doubt, been able to pick up, for quite a small sum, untrimmed hats, beaver and felt plateaux; and numerous are the shapes into which these can be made, even by those who have not learned the whole art of millinery. Perhaps the easiest method to achieve is the tricorne shape, and deck it on one side with a large flat rosette of black satin ribbon, with a fancy button in its centre; this will look just as smart, and cost but half the sum that it would in Bond-street, or elsewhere, where we have to pay principally for the address on the head-lining. Another excellent hat, which no doubt will be purchasable for a very little, is the Breton sailor, and this may be effectually trimmed by means of a ribbon rosette on either side, with a band of the same ribbon joining them across the crown.

Blouse of Rose-pink Chiffon, with Jewelled Lace Edged with Satin Ribbon

Let me proceed to the description of some model hats I have lately seen and admired, many of which could doubtless be made at home.

One was of green *moufflon*, turban-shaped, with one large quill, shaded from green to red, on the left-hand side.

Another was of black felt, of the cavalier persuasion, with a black scarf draped simply round it, and tied in a bow, its long fringed ends flowing over the left ear. Why is it we always trim our hats on the left-hand side? Will it ever be known?

A charming girl I saw the other day was wearing a frock of pale brown velveteen, with a hat of white in French sailor shape, ornamented with plastrons of tiny little humming birds. To make me quite happy, someone informed me that these humming birds were merely manufactured, else I felt I could not have conscientiously admired the hat or spoken to its wearer.

A pale brown feather toque I have met was effectively finished by bearing at its side, again the left, a large orange-coloured enamel button, and this struck me as a distinctly novel and fascinating idea.

Hats for motoring and skating must keep on; and, for the former delight, an excellent style is of the peak cap type, with a quill in a contrasting shade laid straight across the top; while for the latter popular sport a round toque of astrachan (or any other fur), with a large brush on one side, seems to me to be eminently suitable. Another shape, equally to be commended for skating, is a Breton sailor, which has a great advantage over its fellow-shapes, as, when once securely pinned, it hardly ever moves from its position, always supposing, of course, that the pins be properly placed, one underneath the crown and one right on top of it.

A word as to veils. At the moment, the most fashionable and the most worn seem to be those of lace and those of large open net, with big blobs of chenille profusely scattered upon them, double rows of these blobs forming an edge. These net veils can be worn either like the lace veils—draped round our hats and flowing—or, if meant for use and not for ornament, they can as easily be tied after the fashion of the more ordinary convention.

Chiffon veils are still to be seen on those mortals who suffer from the cold simply draped round the ears and tied in a bow beneath the chin, and these are excessively attractive, being now made in all colours, with flat, black velvet spots; while for those who find that these large spots impair or impede their eyesight, there are veils made of plainly coloured tulle. However, these tulle veils prove extremely extravagant, and if you would not have them wear out very rapidly, care must be taken to straighten out and roll them up flat when they are taken off.

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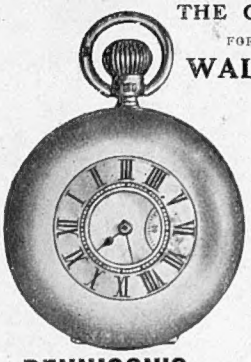

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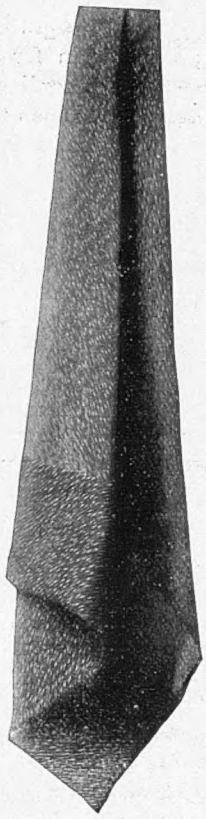

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Uses for Remnants

How often are we tempted, when entering a big shop where remnants are marked at half price, to buy things for which we really have no need—things irresistible, merely because they are so cheap?

Materials for petticoats, dressing-jackets, dressing-gowns, etc., can always be bought for moderate prices during sale time. For the first-named garment, a nice piece of black satin brocade, or, indeed, of any coloured brocade, forms an excellent top, for which about three and a half yards of material are required, and should be easily purchasable for the sum of 5*s.* or 6*s.*, while a length of, say, three yards, of a contrasting colour, will make a charming flounce, and your little dressmaker, or your own maid, might well be entrusted with the making of such a useful garment, which should cost but a sovereign—and this, for a silk petticoat, well cut and finished, let me assure you, is amazingly moderate.

For dressing-jackets and dressing-gowns a length of zenana is a good material to buy; while again for a dressing-jacket may be bought three yards of accordion-pleated silk, and any trimming that may happen to take your fancy, the most pleasant I have seen being accordion-pleated chiffon bearing two gathered rows of shaded blue ribbon.

For a dressing-gown, eight yards of material should prove sufficient, but this differs, of course, according to the width of the stuff selected. A pretty model, and simple of realisation, would be of nun's veiling, with many broad box-pleats, bearing a large sailor-collar and large loose sleeves, trimmed with coarse torchon lace, which same lace is also obtainable at the sales at about half its usual price.

Remnants for blouses are no doubt to be found in great variety, both in lace and silk, and here is a pretty model on this page that could be easily made of remnants of two short lengths of different coloured cloth, or silk or *panne* of contrasting shades, such as white and blue, or dark green and black, with lace or embroidery at discretion.

NITA.

Blouse of Marron Velvet, with Box Pleats
Bands, cuffs and collar stitched with orange silk

The Menu

Dinner Menu

Very unfavourable comparisons have been drawn between French and English women in the practical application of the art of cookery. A Frenchwoman will turn every scrap to account, and make most delicious dishes out of a mere nothing. John Ruskin says: "Cookery means carefulness and invention, and watchfulness and willingness, and readiness of appliance. It means the economy of our great grandmother and the science of modern chemists. It means much tasting and no wasting." I am to-day giving a dinner *menu* which, I think, will tempt the most jaded appetite:

Julienne Soup.
Fried Soles. Sauce Piquante.
Chicken à la Milanaise.
Potato Croquettes.
Mushrooms au Gratin.
Compôte of Oranges.
Œufs à l'Allemande.

SAUCE PIQUANTE

Chop pickled gherkins, capers, and shallots till you have a tablespoonful of each; put a wineglassful of vinegar in a clean saucepan, with a plentiful dash of pepper and salt; add the gherkins, capers, and shallots, and boil for five minutes; then add half a pint of brown roux, a teaspoonful of anchovy, and a tablespoonful of claret; boil for six or seven minutes, stirring carefully; then strain through a gravy strainer, and serve in a sauce tureen.

CHICKEN À LA MILANAISE

One chicken, 1oz. flour, 2oz. butter, ¼lb. macaroni, ¾ pint stock, one small onion, mace, yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, bunch sweet herbs, salt, pepper, cayenne. Skin and joint the chicken, put it in a saucepan with the boiling stock or water, add onion, mace, and herbs, simmer gently for three quarters of an hour. Wash the macaroni and break it in pieces one inch long; throw it into one pint of boiling water, boil till tender, drain; add pepper, salt, cayenne, 1oz. butter, one tablespoonful grated Parmesan, work this well in with the macaroni; make a border of this, arrange the pieces of chicken in the centre, pour sauce over and serve.

ŒUFS À L'ALLEMANDE

Boil three eggs till quite hard, shell them, cut them exactly in halves and take out the yolks. Dip the halved whites into egg and breadcrumbs and fry them in boiling lard till they are a light fawn colour. In the meantime set ready the following mixture:—Chop finely a piece of smoked salmon-roe, two anchovies, a boned sardine, and the yolks from the eggs; fry these in half a tablespoonful of oil for three minutes, then add a tablespoonful of Chili vinegar and boil up again. Fill the halves of egg with this mixture and scatter hot fried breadcrumbs on the top. Place in a hot oven for a minute, and serve immediately.

EMILIA.

Mr. P. F. Warner

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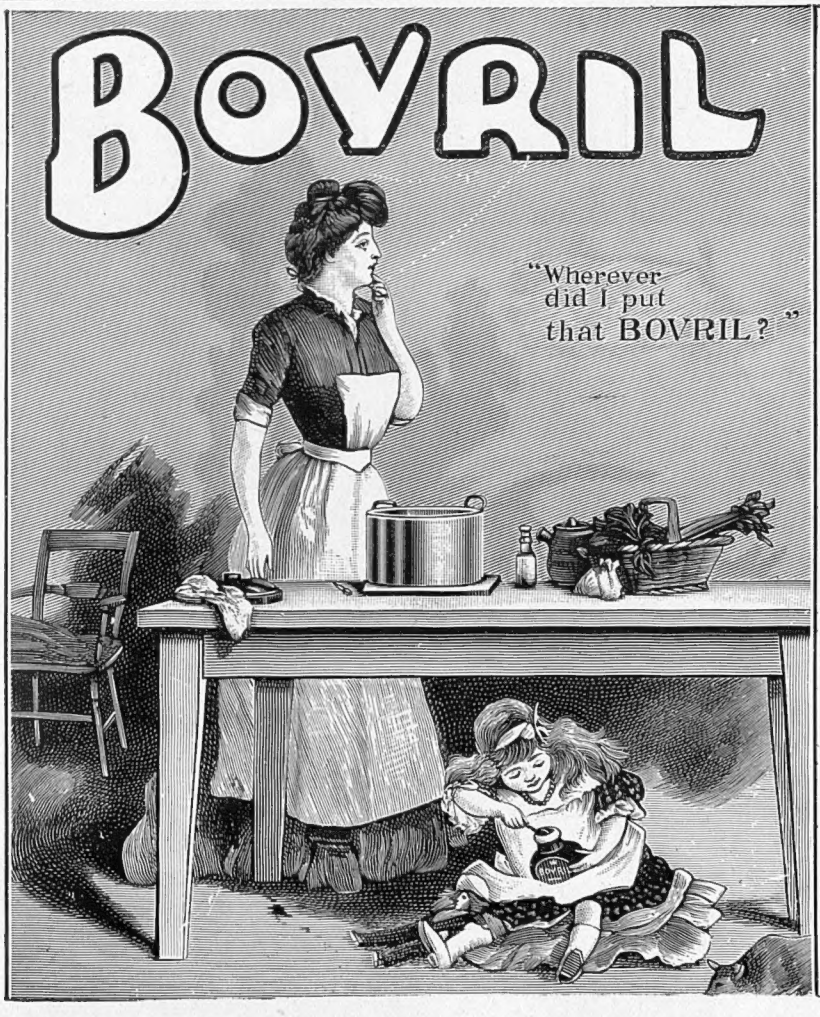

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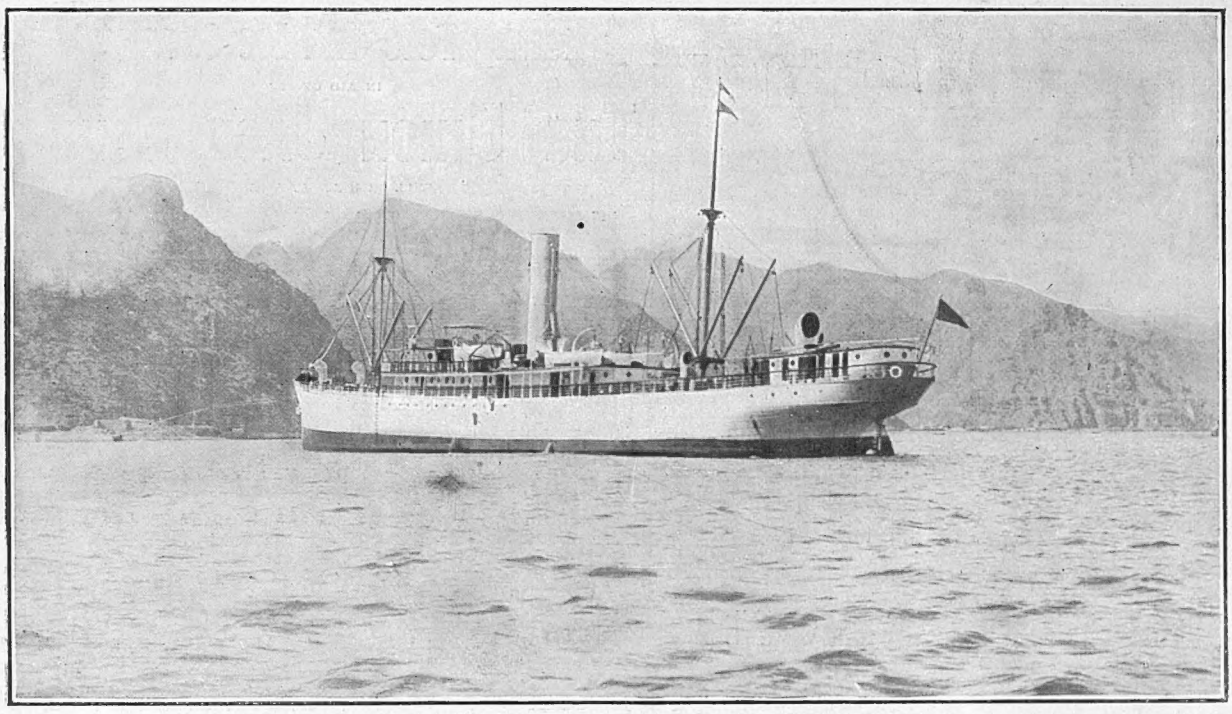

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